CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

A MEMOIR

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CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

Charles Stewart Parnell
from the painting by Sydney P. Hall

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

A Memoir

BY

HIS BROTHER

JOHN HOWARD PARNELL

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A FOREWORD

THOUGH it is not possible that anything I may write will add to the lustre that circles the name of Charles Stewart Parnell, or deepen the affection in which that name is held by Irishmen all over the world, still, as a Cork man and a devoted and life-long follower of the illustrious Tribune, and as one who was honoured with his acquaintance for many years, I would desire in this foreword to pay a sincere, if humble, tribute to his memory. Mr. Parnell found his countrymen in serfdom; he aroused them from their lethargy, he raised them up and made them determined and self-reliant. He awakened hope in a crushed and despondent people, he devoted his life to their cause, and he showed them the way to liberty. The genius of Parnell revolutionized procedure in the British Parliament, and the methods which his brain designed bear the hall-mark of perfect statesmanship. His brilliance as a leader was not less remarkable. Gifted with a keen insight into affairs, he was superficially cold, unemotional, and apparently detached. He utilized to the fullest these

remarkable qualities, but nothing could conceal his burning love of his country and of his countrymen. Parnell the calm, calculating statesman and politician has been pictured and described by many writers, but few have penetrated the armour that concealed the real man. The inscrutable, sphinx-like Irish gentleman, who was in habit and manner diametrically opposed to what Britons conceived to be the typical Irishman, mystified his political opponents and critics. They could not understand Parnell, neither could they comprehend how it was that he, whom they regarded as being essentially un-Irish in his personality, could awaken the wildest enthusiasm in his fellow-countrymen. They only knew that he was beloved by Irishmen, that he lived in their hearts, that he dominated political thought in Ireland, and that his word was a supreme law to its people. Parnell has been appropriately described as "the Uncrowned King" of Ireland, and while he lived that descriptive phrase was true. Now that he is dead, the Irish people have placed a nation's diadem on his brow, and as long as the shamrock grows in Irish ground they will honour his name and his memory.

Parnell the statesman was known, respected and possibly feared, in the British Parliament;

Parnell the Patriot was idolized in Ireland. And if I may develop this view a little further, I would add, with a full knowledge and a personal acquaintance with the facts, that nowhere in Ireland was Parnell's genius more appreciated, and nowhere was he held in greater affection, than in the city of Cork, which he represented in Parliament for many years. In this work Mr. John Howard Parnell writes of his brother from what might be termed the "personal point of view," and, as the book speaks for itself, it is not necessary to say more than that it will be welcomed and warmly appreciated by Irishmen in all parts of the globe, as well as by everyone who has admired the Titanic political achievements of one of Ireland's most devoted and illustrious sons. During my three years of office as Mayor of Cork, I was in constant and intimate touch with Mr. Parnell, and I saw him and knew him, if I may so express it, "behind the scenes." The more I explored the depths of his mighty mind, and the more I realized the attributes of his character, the greater my esteem—I might say my affection—grew for the patriot whose every thought was for his country's welfare. Two things that impressed themselves on me were his intense interest in everything that helped to establish or

develop Irish industries, and his absolute detestation of any British intermeddling, which in many instances tended to hamper such Irish industries as already existed. Mr. Parnell's view was that British-made laws affecting trade and commerce were drafted and designed mainly to suit British conditions, and little or no consideration was given to the effect that such laws might have upon Irish industries. He knew that in Ireland the conditions were different, and he always insisted that Irishmen themselves were the best judges of what their country required. The Home Rule principle was constantly in his mind, and his first thought regarding every general legislative measure was, "How will it affect Ireland?" An instance occurred over twenty years ago which illustrates Mr. Parnell's extreme interest in the conservation of Irish industries. A millers' strike was in progress in Cork, when I was called to London on urgent business. Meeting Mr. Parnell in the House of Commons, he asked me to return immediately, and to use every effort to terminate the dispute. "Try and end it at once," he said. "We have very few Irish mills at work—let us endeavour to keep what we have."

The people of Cork have always taken pride in the fact that Parnell represented their city in

Parliament, and that he was enrolled an Honorary Burgess of their ancient municipality. An affectionate regard for his name is still characteristic of the people who live within earshot of Shandon Bells; and Cork men, in common with their countrymen in Ireland or in exile, will always pay dutiful homage to the memory of the man who served his country so faithfully and well. While a stone stands on a stone in the city that Finn Barr founded, the most cherished heritage of its citizens will be the glorious name of Charles Stewart Parnell.

DANIEL HORGAN,
Mayor of Cork, 1890–1892.

CORK, 1914.

BOOK I

EARLY DAYS

"Oh! he stands beneath the sun, the glorious *Fated One*,
Like a martyr or conqueror, wearing
On his brow a mighty gloom—be it glory, be it doom,
The shadow of a crown it is bearing."

LADY WYLDE.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

CHAPTER I

HOME AND FAMILY

The Avondale Tea-House.

I BEGIN the life of my brother, Charles Stewart Parnell—or, as I cannot help calling him, Charley—in a small cosy room in the old tea-cottage on the banks of the Avonmore, near the Meeting of the Waters on my brother's demesne at Avondale.

This cottage took the place of the historical tea-house, of which two rooms are left in a somewhat ruined state. The old tea-house stood on the same spot two hundred years ago, and was then the rendezvous for all the Wicklow nobility and gentry, who came there to drink tea when on a visit to the Parnell and Hayes families. I remember specially that Lord and Lady Wicklow used to drive round there to recall old memories on their way to visit my mother. My brother Charley always called in there on his daily walk down to the sawmills.

While the original tea-house has practically disappeared, the old trees and shrubs all remain, as well as young trees planted since by my brother during his ownership. One feature is the immense old silver firs—the largest in Ireland.

As I write this [in 1905] on a fishing visit, they stand there, looking as if they kept lonely guard with their funereal plumes, sorrowing, as it were, for the departed tea-drinkers and the ancient associations of Avondale.

This cottage is built on the banks of the beautiful River Avonmore, about half a mile from Charley's old home of Avondale. The road from Avondale winds in and out along a charming wooded valley, with the demesne meadows between the woods and the cottage, and is looking its best on this beautiful spring day.

The young lambs are gambolling around; the rooks are building their nests in the fine old beeches, offsprings of the former generations of rooks who used to circle round the old tea-drinkers; the wood-pigeons are cooing in the silver firs; the pines are sighing overhead; and through the trees I can hear the singing of the waters meandering along the river's rocky bed. It is no wonder that I should feel inspired in these lovely surroundings to begin the writing of my brother's life, where many a time I used to come in search of the wary trout while he looked on. Meanwhile I am waiting solitary for the time to come for me to go out

and cast the fly, and the memories of old associations crowd upon me.

Whilst writing here I seem to feel my brother's presence so near me. His portrait that looks down upon me from the wall was placed there by Mr. Michael Merna, his devoted sawmill manager, who lived here. This picture was a newspaper cartoon issued on the first anniversary of Charley's death. It represents my brother attacked by wolves, and asking his country not to fling him to them until it has got his full value, showing how prophetic were these words; for not only was he flung to the wolves, but his beautiful home of Avondale as well.

Little did Charley think, when he and I used to ramble here during our many periods of companionship throughout his varied career, that Irish politics and his endeavours to make a new Ireland, and free her white slaves from the landowners, would cause such a change. Little did he expect to see his home in the hands of the English Government, under the Board of Agriculture, and the estate worked by English and Scotch labourers.

An Explanation.

I may say at once that this book is intended rather as a memoir than a history of my late brother.

The salient points of his striking career have

often been recounted, and I shall pass over them very lightly, devoting attention more to the causes which inspired and directed them.

What I aim at towards him is to be what Bourrienne was to Napoleon, rather than what Carlyle was to Frederick the Great — a humble follower of Boswell, elucidating character by seemingly trivial anecdotes, rather than a didactic historian, overwhelming his readers with dates and facts.

I must, however, in order to explain the subsequent events and the gradual development of my brother's life, touch briefly on our family—their history, characteristics, and personal appearance—and on Avondale, the charming home of our childhood in Wicklow, and my brother's seat after he came of age.

So I freely grant that this opening chapter may be skipped over with a yawn, as verging on the dull. But I am afraid that it is necessary, and its dulness inevitable, as it contains the steel framework of facts on which the more fragile edifice of anecdote and psychology and comment is subsequently built.

If a few inaccuracies may occur from time to time, I trust it will be remembered that I am looking back over a period of seventy years—one of the most eventful in the history of our nation—and that my own personal career (which I hope to describe in a subsequent volume) has been one

spent in many lands, and includes wild and even thrilling adventures. It is hard now for me to look back through the dust of all that turmoil and see clearly with the recollection of yesterday.

Ancestral Influences.

A family history is rarely of very intense interest to those unconnected with the family itself. But the influence of the really outstanding characters of certain ancestors upon the later generations is not only interesting, but important.

Our family is derived from one Thomas Parnell, who was Mayor of Congleton in Cheshire during the reign of James I. He purchased an estate in Ireland, which descended (I skip the intervening branches of the family tree) to his great-grandson, the famous Sir John Parnell, whose father had been created a Baronet in 1766.

Sir John threw himself heart and soul into Irish politics. A member of the Irish Parliament from 1776 onwards, he held in succession the offices of Commissioner of Customs and Excise and Chancellor of the Exchequer. A sturdy supporter and defender of Grattan, he resisted to his utmost Pitt's scheme of legislative union. His death followed closely on the merging of the Irish Parliament into the British one.

His son, Sir Henry Parnell, created Lord Congleton in 1841, warmly opposed the continuance of

the Irish Insurrection Act, on the ground that the necessity for such an extreme measure had passed, opposed the Bill for the suppression of the Catholic Association, and took a prominent part in obtaining Catholic Emancipation. He died in 1842, after having held the offices of Minister for War (under Lord Grey) and Paymaster-General of the Forces (under Lord Melbourne).

By his wife, Lady Caroline Elizabeth Dawson, daughter of the Earl of Portarlington, he had five children, the youngest of whom, William, was our grandfather.

The Fighting Commodore.

Our mother, Delia Stewart, was the daughter of the American Nelson, Commodore Charles Stewart. His countless exploits, his indomitable bravery, and his many conflicts with and victories over the English fleet during the American War of Independence, are such that to recount them with any justice would need a volume to itself.

The fact that the blood of one of America's greatest national heroes ran in my brother Charles's veins, in addition to the sympathy with which the Irish cause has always been received in that land of freedom, where so many of our brothers have been driven to a hospitable and even glorious exile, accounts for much of that reverence with which, during my own solitary experiences in

America, I have found the name of Parnell received even among the most lawless and desperate characters. Those experiences, however, in which my brother did not participate, are, I think, more fittingly reserved for my account of my own life.

Father and Mother.

Our father travelled in America and Mexico at the age of twenty-one, finally meeting our mother in the latter country.

After his marriage he settled at Avondale as a quiet country gentleman, keeping fine horses and hounds, and hunting with all the Wicklow gentry. He was very fond of agriculture, at which he was recognized as an expert, and gave great employment to the people in reclaiming land at Avondale. He was a prominent magistrate and D.L. for Wicklow. High-tempered when aroused, he was of a quiet disposition as a rule. He was fond of shooting and preserving the game all over the country, and had his shooting-lodge at Aughavannagh, an old military barracks in the mountains of Wicklow, where he often went to shoot. He was a very fine cricketer, and maintained a first-rate cricket club.

My mother was the daughter of Commodore Charles Stewart, of the American Navy, to whose career I have already made a brief reference. She was considered an American beauty, and moved

in the best of American society. She and her mother frequently accompanied her father on his voyages. A charming woman, brilliant in both public and social life, she was also very generous amongst the poor. Among her other gifts, she was a very keen and clever politician, Charley taking after her in that respect, her prophecies as to our futures all having proved correct. The taste for art, which I have inherited from her, she possessed to a very marked degree, and was in addition extremely well-read and a brilliant conversationalist. In appearance she was of medium height, with dark hair and bluish eyes.

Our father and mother used to visit a great deal amongst the Wicklow families, Lord and Lady Wicklow, Lord and Lady Carysfort, and Lord and Lady Powerscourt, their relatives, being among their most intimate friends.

My Brothers and Sisters.

Our father had twelve children, whose names and the dates of whose births and deaths, as far as I remember, are given on p. 11.

William, the eldest, died, as I have shown, before my own birth.

Hayes, who died from consumption, which developed after a fall from his pony, was of dark complexion. He was a clever boy, being exceptionally fond of mechanics and model shipbuild-

ing. I had his watch after his death, but gave it afterwards to my sister Anna. He was very quiet and studious, slightly built, and was called Hayes after Colonel Hayes, an intimate friend of our father.

Henry Tudor I remember as a baby. He was

Name.	Date of Birth.	Date of Death.
William Parnell	1837	1838
Delia Parnell; married Mr. Thompson	1838	1881
Hayes Parnell	1839	1855
Emily Parnell; married (1) Captain Dickinson, (2) Captain Ricketts	1841	Alive
John Howard Parnell; married Mrs. Matier	1843	Alive
Sophy Parnell; married Alfred McDermott	1845	1875
CHARLES STEWART PARNELL; married Mrs. O'Shea	JUNE 27, 1846	OCTOBER 6, 1891
Fanny Parnell	1849	1882
Anna Parnell	1852	1911
Theodosia Parnell; married Captain Paget	1853	Alive
Henry Tudor Parnell; married Miss Lonby	1851	Alive
Also one child, a boy, stillborn		

born in France, and had light auburn hair. I remember seeing him in my father's room pushing a chair before him when he was not more than two years old. He went through Cambridge, but was too nervous to pass his examination for a degree. He is a barrister, but does not practise.

Charley comes after myself. When young he

was a wiry little boy, very bright and playful, making fun of everybody and everything. He was fond of mechanics, like his elder brother, Hayes. He had dark brown hair, a pale complexion, very dark brown and very piercing eyes. His figure was slender, and he was very small for his age. He did not grow until late, and was nicknamed " Tom Thumb " at home.

As for the girls, Delia was considered a great beauty. She had dark hair and complexion. She was educated in Paris, and brought up in French society. She married a rich American, Mr. Thompson, and had one son, Henry, who showed a great aptitude for music. He died of typhoid fever, and my sister Delia died from grief at the loss of her only son.

Emily was always very fond of music, and played the piano extremely well. She was the family dancer, and used to teach me. She had as a girl a crossbar placed higher than herself, which she used to clear at a standing jump. She was a great favourite of her father's, but when she wanted to marry Captain Dickinson father objected and disinherited her, owing to the rumour circulated by people, that she had run away with him, which was absolutely untrue. She, however, ultimately married Captain Dickinson, and later Captain Ricketts. She had dark hair and eyes, and when young was very delicate. She was very fond of horses and donkeys, and went hunt-

ing when quite young with Hayes and my father.

Sophy was a beautiful bright-haired girl. She was educated in Paris, like Delia. She married Mr. McDermott, and had several children. Her death was due to nursing some of her children who were suffering from scarlet fever, which she caught from them.

Fanny, the poetess of the family, and our blue-stocking sister, knew every book in the library at Avondale. She was a regular little Irish rebel. When in America, she took up the Ladies' Land League, and was Charley's favourite sister and chum. She had dark hair and hazel eyes, and was very witty. Her end, like that of many of our family, was a sudden one, she being found dead in bed at Bordentown.

Anna was Fanny's special chum, and a fine painter. She studied art in England at the academies. She took up politics with Charley in the Irish cause, and, like Fanny, belonged to the Ladies' Land League. Her death was also a tragic one, for she was drowned accidentally three years ago. A real Irish patriot, she held up Lord Spencer's carriage in Dublin, when he was Lord Lieutenant, and made him promise certain concessions to Irish prisoners. She was dark-haired, with dark eyes, slight, of medium height, and delicate in constitution.

Theodosia, the youngest, was a real society

belle, though of a very quiet disposition. Unlike most of us, she did not take much part in politics. She married Captain Paget, of the Royal Navy, and had one son, and is living at present at Weybridge, England.

The Home of Parnell.

Avondale, the cradle of all our family, was given to the Parnell family by the late owner, Colonel Samuel Hayes (no relative of the Parnell family). It descended from Sir John Parnell to Charles Stewart Parnell, and thence to myself after Charley's death.

It is beautifully situated on the top of a high hill, with the demesne lands and meadows sloping gently down to the Avonmore Valley, celebrated by Thomas Moore in his poems, and is about two miles from the celebrated Meeting of the Waters, so vividly described by Moore.

The valley is well wooded, the River Avon running down it a short distance from the house. There are magnificent views from Avondale of the valley and river and the opposite hills, with the old copper-mines and works in the distance. At the top of the lawn at Avondale is the celebrated cricket-ground—a large level area, where many a game was played against the crack teams in Ireland.

Next to the cricket-ground is a beautiful little cosy house called Casino, which was generally the home of the managers of the Avondale estate. The lawn round the cricket-field is surrounded by some of the finest beech, elm, and silver-fir trees to be found in Ireland.

On the slope from the cricket-lawn down to the house is the place where Charley and I used to play cricket with the work-boys in the evenings. He could not have been older than ten at the time, just beginning to learn cricket.

From the turreted old gate-house at Avondale runs a fine winding avenue, lined with beautiful beech-trees, up to the house.

The House of Avondale.

The house itself is of old style, square structure, not imposing outside. There is a granite porch at the hall door, supported by large granite pillars. The back of the house is more imposing, as it is partly circular, rendered so by the bay-windows, which look out on the lovely scenery. It really ought to have been the front, had the architect any appreciation of the beauties of Nature.

Taking the interior, before the furniture was removed after the sale, as you enter, a large hall as high as the house, and taking up at least one-

third of the whole area, meets your view. On the inside of the door is inscribed the date when it was built by Colonel Hayes—1777. In the hall were displayed the antlers of the largest Irish elk in existence, found near the house in one of the bogs on the estate. On the walls were sundry trophies from Canada and other parts of the world. The Irish colours of the Volunteers used to hang there, but are there no longer, having been lost. There were heads of deer and various inscriptions on the walls, the latter mostly of a Scriptural nature. A large billiard-table was also set in the hall.

The library was a very fine room, where log fires were always burned. Bookshelves were all round the room, filled with works from all parts of the world. In the room were antique tables, chairs, and sofas. Scripture scenes and texts were on the walls.

The drawing-room was a splendid room with a large bow-window looking out on the country-side. It was full of antique furniture, and very fine old oil-paintings, all of a Scriptural character, by celebrated artists. The chimney-piece was of marble, and the inlaid inscriptions were by the celebrated Italian painter Bossi, and were valued at £1,000.

The parlour was an imposing room, every article of furniture being of mahogany, with fine chairs and tables and a magnificent sideboard.

Once again inscriptions of Scripture were on the walls.

That concludes my somewhat detached reminiscences of our old home, which now, since it has been converted into a School of Forestry under the Board of Agriculture, has much altered in appearance.

CHAPTER II

IN THE NURSERY

Life in the Nursery.

My first recollection of Charley was when he was about two or three years old, and an inmate of the nursery, from which I had not long been promoted. I faintly remember him toddling about in his baby clothes.

When he grew a little older they wanted to put him into petticoats, but he created such an uproar that special breeches, made of the thinnest material, were provided for him, and also for myself. This was to make us hardy, as our father wanted to give each of us his own iron constitution. However, in the very cold weather our nether garments were plentifully coated with frost and icicles.

Charley was immensely proud of his victory, and then refused to wear boots once he was clear of the house, kicking them off and walking barefoot, especially in the snow I'm afraid I usually followed his example.

One of poor Charley's most poignant griefs in his tender years was the frequent loss of his night-

cap. His roars were incessant until it was found and safely fixed on his head.

Charley once had a very narrow escape of having his career cut short before he had even learned how to talk. Our mother was nursing him one day, when a visitor was suddenly announced. She hastily stowed away the future Irish leader in the drawer of a large press, which she closed without thinking, and hurried to the drawing-room. When the visitor left, about half an hour later, she found that she had clean forgotten what she had done with Charley, and a frantic search was made, until muffled yells from the drawer where he was imprisoned resulted in his release.

Mrs. Twopenny.

His nurse, Mrs. Twopenny (invariably pronounced by us "Tupny"), was a tall, buxom Englishwoman, with dark hair and fine hazel eyes. She was very fond of the scenery around Avondale, and instilled a love of the country into me, which Charley, however, did not show until later years.

Mrs. Twopenny, who was a most respectable woman, quite different from the succession of uneducated nurses who had charge of us elder children, was very firm with Charley, but at the same time very kind to him. She used to lead him by the hand on her favourite rambles through

the woods. When he was naughty, which was pretty often, she gave him a few slaps, but not very hard ones, and he never was whipped. Even later, when he had indulged in some special piece of mischief, he was never actually castigated by our father, but only shut in a room by himself, where he howled himself to sleep.

Mimic Warfare.

When we got a little older, he, I, and Fanny, were always fond of playing with tin soldiers. We each had a regiment set up on the floor, and, once ready, opened a furious fusilade on one another's forces with little pea-shooters fashioned in the form of cannon. Charley entered into the game with the greatest spirit, and was determined to win at all costs. Once, I remember, he reached the field of battle before us, and carefully gummed down his army to the floor, much to the disgust of Fanny, who did not detect the ruse until her own forces were annihilated, while his stood their ground.

Fanny, by the way, was always Charley's special chum, and they often used to go up to an old loft under the roof and shut themselves in, even from me. There they would discuss their pet schemes and have furious tin-soldier battles. In these battles, it is curious to relate, Fanny, who even at that early period was a thorough

little rebel at heart, used to consider her army as one composed of Irish patriots fighting for their freedom; while Charley had to be content with an English army, doomed by consent to defeat, but often, owing to his hatred of being beaten, proving victorious.

I certainly think that Fanny's impassioned patriotism had a great influence on Charley's convictions in after-life.

Other Games.

"I spy" and "Follow my leader" were favourite games with us, and we used to play them all over the house, and out on to the lawn, and through the shrubberies.

Charley was also an expert at the ancient, if somewhat plebeian, game of marbles.

When Delia came back from school in France, she brought with her a new game, which consisted in her hiding her presents all over the house and getting us to search for them. The result was, as might be expected, pandemonium, followed frequently by punishment, seeing that the presents were generally hidden in ornaments, in the lining of chairs and sofas, up disused chimneys, and behind books.

I learnt billiards at a very early age, and used often to play with my father. Charley was always fond of sitting on the edge of the billiard-table

and throwing the balls about. He often attempted to do this when we were actually playing, and, when lifted off the table, yelled vociferously, indignant as ever that his slightest whim should be thwarted.

Emily, who was always full of originality, started a little mint of her own in her room. She used to make her money out of gun-wads, and distribute it to the rest of us. I forget the exact nature of the currency, but it did quite well enough for our childish games.

Cricket, in after-life his favourite pastime, as I shall relate, had attractions for Charley even in his nursery days, for he used to toddle down to our private cricket-ground, generally hand in hand with Mrs. Twopenny, and watch with the keenest interest every phase of the game.

As far as I can carry my mind back, his earliest form of recreation was riding a rocking-horse, and I can just remember him, a very small creature indeed, being held on a big wooden steed in the nursery by Mrs. Twopenny.

An Exciting Incident.

Both Charley and I often recalled in after-years a thrilling little episode that occurred when we were both small boys. We had a dog—a black cocker named Rover — who was a general favourite with us children. One day we found

poor Rover struggling desperately on the far side of a mill-race, which had been swollen by recent rains. We were, of course, much too small to jump over the intervening space of about ten feet, and, even if we had got round by a long détour, we would have been of very little use, and would probably only have tumbled in ourselves. So we ran back to the house, and on the way met our father. Directly he gathered what had happened he hurried to the spot, and, taking without a moment's hesitation a flying leap over the mill-race, soon had the exhausted Rover safely on land.

During Charley's nursery days I was afflicted with stammering, which I finally cured myself of with some trouble. Charley, with his natural spirit of mischief, set to work to mimic me, and carried the joke to such an extent that he became a hopeless stammerer himself, and had to be sent away to school at an early age to be cured, while I stopped on at Avondale.

We were once in church, Charley and I, on a very hot day, and, my four years' seniority resulting in a considerable difference in stature, I had to keep my head bent down very much in order to follow the place in the prayer-book, which he held. The blood gradually flowed to my head, and I became very dizzy, until finally I fell out of the pew, half fainting, and had to be taken out of church.

His First Love Affair.

Charley's first love affair was at a very early age —I think he was not more than four or five at the time. We used very often to visit the family of Mr. Charles Brooke at Castle Howard, where the children were about the same age as ourselves. Charley, who was the gayest and most vivacious of us all (as also the most domineering), used always to pair off with Dot Brooke, a little girl of about his own age. They romped about so much together that Mrs. Brooke used often to say: "Well, now, when those two grow up, I should like to see them married." Dot, however, when she grew up, married another, and, owing to politics, the families became estranged, so Charley's first little romance came to naught.

We had many fights, or rather tussles, for there was rarely any ill-feeling. He used to aim a blow at me, and then run, catching up anything he saw and flinging it over his shoulder at me. I followed at full speed, also catching handfuls of ornaments, knick-knacks, sofa-cushions, and even flower-pots, and hurling them at him. During one of these pell-mell chases, leaving a trail of destruction in their wake, I remember seizing a poker from a grate and breaking it over the back of a sofa, with no intention of hurting him, but just in order to give him a thorough good fright, which it did!

The Germ of Character.

As far as I can picture him after this long gap of eventful years, Charley in his nursery days was a child of charming appearance, with curly brown hair and piercing dark eyes. In temper, however, he was headstrong and self-willed, often to the point of rudeness, while at times he showed a curious mixture of jealousy and suspicion, which developed strongly in later years. His love of mischief was unbounded, but underlying every action was the rooted desire to have his own way at any cost.

His jealousy cropped out in many ways, but the one I remember most vividly was when we used to go out with the guns and act as retrievers. Charley was bent on bringing home the largest number of dead birds, and if by luck or quickness I happened to beat him in this respect, he used to fly into a violent passion.

Still, in the days of his childhood, as throughout life, he and I were the best of friends, and I think that I was one of the very few who thoroughly understood the complexities of his strange and often baffling character.

CHAPTER III

CHILDHOOD

Born to Rule.

Charley, having been petted from his babyhood, became unmanageable, and even at the early age of six evinced the desire to rule the household. His special delight seemed to be to get the upper hand of me, in which he generally succeeded. So strong was this characteristic in him that his old nurse, Mrs. Twopenny, often said: "Master Charley is born to rule." Prophetic words, I think, for was not my brother in after-years a great ruler, and by his wonderful personality and single-hearted devotion to the great cause (the bettering of the dear country that we both so much loved) did he not keep united Ireland at his feet, and even to-day, in spite of all the dark clouds that have passed over him, is not his memory cherished as much as ever throughout Ireland?

Little in those days did our mother dream of the great triumphs and bitter sorrows that were to come to the petted child of the house. Still, owing to his disposition, after much anxious

thought, it was decided that for the boy's good he had better be sent to school. So our mother took him over to Yeovil, where his school-days commenced at the early age of six.

A Wolf in the Fold.

It was a girls' school, and only as a great compliment was Charley admitted. He soon endeared himself to the lady principal, and was always happy in her company. He went there with great ideas of having his own way, seeing that he had only mere girls to deal with. He was thoroughly defeated, however, by feminine strategy, for, as he complained to me afterwards, they all made love to him and bothered him out of his life. In any case, he resented being sent to a girls' school, on the ground that it was not manly. He always had a wish to be transferred to my own school, but on account of my stammering it was thought advisable to keep us separate, for, as I have said, owing to his mimicry, he had begun to contract the habit himself.

When he removed to Avondale on his first vacation, the greatest improvement was noticeable in him. He seemed to have lost his old habit of domineering over the family, especially over his sisters. During his second term at school he fell ill with typhoid fever, and was nursed through it very devotedly by the principal herself. On his recovery

his head seemed to be peculiarly affected, and our parents placed him under Dr. Forbes Winslow for a time.

Home Tuition.

He did not return to this school afterwards, though, in spite of his having no special love for his books, his reports were always good, even the good conduct ones.

After leaving school he was taught by our sisters' governess. He was then eight years old, and more strongly than ever resented being taught by a woman, and so constantly did he protest that our parents judged it wiser to get him a tutor. From this time forward he seemed to take a greater interest in his lessons, but in spite of this he was by no means an easy pupil to teach. His ambition (marked even in those days) was never satisfied, and he always wanted to be with bigger boys. Consequently the arguments between tutor and pupil were many and fierce, and in the long-run, if the truth be told, it was the boy who generally proved the victor. Nor was the effort to give him religious instruction attended with any better success. When he was not in the mood to listen he turned everything into ridicule, and sent his instructor away hopelessly saddened.

This high-spirited boy gave his confidence to very few, but, once given, it was deep and true and lasting. As he grew in later years, he rapidly

became more and more reserved. He had all the healthy boy's love of games, especially cricket, which he already played well in those early years. Even then he loved to lead in games, as he did subsequently in politics.

However, it was soon thought best that he should return to school, and eventually he was sent to Kirk Langley in Derbyshire. Here, so far as lessons went, he was pretty much a law unto himself. Under-masters he ignored as far as possible, but always obeyed without hesitation the Head. This spirit followed him throughout life, as will be seen.

While Charley was at Kirk Langley, I was sent to M. Marderon in Paris to see if he could cure me of stammering. This purpose was effected after some considerable trouble, and, I fear, at the expense of my education. So all I know with regard to my brother's experiences at Kirk Langley is what I recollect of his having told me when we came together again. He certainly said that it was at Kirk Langley that he learned all his boyish games, and he always referred to it as a bright spot in his memory, owing to all the fun he had there.

Back at Avondale.

After leaving Kirk Langley, he returned home to Avondale, where he spent four happy years, until the death of our father. He was about ten

years of age at that time, so that he and I were more of real companions, although his nurse, Mrs. Twopenny, still used to take him for walks.

I remember one day I went with them to the Meeting of the Waters, taking a pet dog of ours with us. In those days he was full of life and fun, delighting in all sorts of mischievous pranks, and nearing home we missed the dog. For hours we searched the woods, but never found any trace of our missing pet, who must have fallen down one of the mining shafts. Charley and I were terribly upset over his loss, and it was only the motherly sympathy of Mrs. Twopenny that succeeded in comforting him.

We had many a good fight in those days, but were always good friends a few moments afterwards. I used to tell him that he was jealous of me, but that he would never allow.

A favourite game with us, as in earlier childhood, was " Follow my leader," and we used to scramble over the ditches and through the hedges and plantations madly following the leader, who was always our sister Emily. Once Charley knocked me off the top of a ditch into the gripe (bottom) of it. He had done it purely in fun, and immediately he saw what had happened, jumped in himself to keep me from sinking in the mud and help me out.

Donkey races were another great sport with us, and it was no uncommon sight to see three donkeys on the lawn of Avondale, being raced at top speed

by Emily, Charley, and myself, Emily, somehow, always winning. However, as she was our sister, Charley did not mind so much being beaten by her as by one of his own sex.

When I came home for my holidays, Charley and I used to go out with our father when he went shooting woodcock, and we boys took the greyhounds to the end of the wood, watching for hares to come out, when we loosed the greyhounds after them.

Our Prowess at Cricket.

At that time Charley and I used assiduously to practise cricket with our father. I, being the elder and bigger boy, was able to bowl to our father, while Charley kept wicket. Under our father's teaching we soon learnt to play a good game, and at the matches with other teams Charley was invariably chosen to replace any player who did not turn up. I sometimes helped to fill a gap, but Charley was the better cricketer, and also the more popular. I remember many a jolly match that we boys had against the Ballyarthur boys' team, which were generally held on the same day as our father's matches for grown-ups. We always drove to the matches in donkey traps, and, when victorious, kicked up no end of a hullabaloo on the way home.

Even at that time, during the cricket matches, I used to notice Charley's extreme nervousness.

His fingers twitched anxiously, even while he was watching the match, and I know that in after-days he was just as nervous, though perhaps he did not show it to outsiders, in the greater game played in the House of Commons.

We used to take donkey drives to Aughrim to fish and dig for gold in the river, an occupation which we often recalled in after-days. Charley was fond of collecting eggs, and used to climb the trees—as Mrs. Twopenny used to say, "like a regular little monkey"—to rob the nests. One day he had the floor of Miss Zouche's room (our relative and housekeeper) spread out with his whole collection of eggs. One of the clumsy maid-servants happened to come in, and, like a bull in a china shop, spread destruction through the collection. Charley flew into a violent passion, and threatened to smash her head, so much so that she ran away and hid in the servants' quarters for some time. The remnants of this collection he kept until we left Avondale for Temple Street, Dublin, and the gold found in the river he treasured, I believe, until the end of his life.

Charley and I used to drive over with our father to Aughavanagh, where he used to go shooting, supervising his tenants, and looking after his turf bogs. One day, when I was fishing in the river at Aughavannagh (or rather, to be candid, making one of my earliest attempts at fly fishing), I asked Charley to help me to tie on the flies, and he came

over and showed me most skilfully. How he had managed to learn the art I cannot make out to this day; however, I have been tying them as he showed me ever since. The curious fact is that Charley never fished himself.

Commerce, Building, and Pyrotechnics.

The garden at Avondale was a very fine one, and Kavanagh, the old gardener, took a great pride in it, and to prevent Charley and myself from stealing the fruit and trampling on the plants he kept the door locked; but we used to climb on top of the very high wall and lie flat there, like prisoners escaping from a fortress, waiting until he had gone home. Charley and I had a plot of ground given to us on which we planted potatoes, which we sold to an old woman in the town, and so earned pocket-money.

We were very busy at this time constructing a big pond at Avondale, near the gate lodge, which may still be seen there. We used to be up to our knees in mud while making this pond, and would return home in a horribly dirty state, thus earning many a scolding from our mother. When the pond was completed we built a flat-bottomed boat out of canvas and wood, and when the boat was finished we insisted upon the work-boys of the estate making the trial trip in it, with the result that the boat promptly turned over, and the boys

had to be dragged out of the water. I am afraid our ambition to use our pond as a rowing-pool was never accomplished.

There is an old fort at Avondale where we used to go and drop molten lead down through a sieve in order to make shot. We built up the old walls, and our workmanship stands as an enduring monument to this day.

The Rev. Henry Galbraith, then Rector of Rathdrum, was engaged to teach us Scripture. Charley hated this, and whenever he got a chance ran off and hid in the shrubberies or in the old ivy which is still around the house.

One day Charley conceived the idea that a firework exhibition would be a splendid means of amusing ourselves and the tenants on the estate, so we set about making, first the powder, and then the rockets, and then collected all the workmen. It was a grand sight, and no one was blown up, which was a wonder. But when our parents heard of this they put a perpetual veto on firework displays.

The year before our father died, our sister Fanny got scarlet fever, and the epidemic spread to the other members of our family, Sophy and myself only escaping. Charley was the last to take it, and Mrs. Twopenny took charge of him, and could not be induced to leave his bedside until he was well on the road back to health. I missed my brother very much in those days of infection, for Sophy and I were quarantined at Casino, the

dower-house, in charge of Miss Zouche. Although I had Sophy's company and was very much attached to her, that did not make up for the loss of Charley's vivacity and ever-charming manner.

Our instructor at that time was Mr. William Clarke, son of Dr. Clarke of Rathdrum, and Charley, as usual, did not get on very well with him, and was in the habit of making awful faces at him behind his back, so as to make me laugh, which I did, getting into severe disgrace with Mr. Clarke.

At this time we took up hockey and hand-ball, which we played at dinner-time with the work-boys on the estate. Charley would never take the same side as myself, but always tossed up for choice of sides. When we were playing hockey, I had to keep a sharp lookout for my shins, because Charley always tried to go for me.

The Haunted Cottage in the Woods.

There was a little lonely cottage surrounded by dark woods some distance from Avondale, which was said to be haunted by the ghost of a former tenant. Mysterious voices, blood-curdling apparitions, and the clanking of chains, were believed to guard its sanctity, especially at the dread hour of midnight. We children made a bet with our sister Emily, that she dared not go there by herself at midnight prompt. She accepted, and set out boldly, but when she came back she had seen

and heard nothing out of the ordinary. However, we cheered her for her pluck. Charley, young as he was, could not bear to be outdone, especially by a girl. So he set out the next night, but returned very much disappointed at having obtained no better result.

When we were at Casino a few years later, I was asked to play chess with the agent of Avondale, Mr. Charles West, who lived at Mount Avon, near the Meeting of the Waters. I had never imitated Emily and Charley in their expeditions to the haunted cottage, so when I found that I had to pass by the cottage on my way home, just about midnight, I felt distinctly nervous. When I got to the most lonely part of the road, just by the cottage, I heard distinctly the rattling of chains behind the hedge. As I quickened my pace, the rattling still followed me on the opposite side of the hedge. I expected every moment to be confronted by some horrible apparition, and when I came to a large gap in the hedge my legs refused to act. As I stood there, waiting in horror for what should appear, the real explanation offered itself. It was a donkey that had broken from its moorings, and, desirous of company, had followed the sound of my footsteps along his own side of the hedge. I believe the whole ghost story had been started by body-snatchers in order to cover their midnight depredations from a neighbouring churchyard.

The Birth of a Romance.

During our father's lifetime there lived at Kingston (a beautiful mansion near Avondale belonging to our father) a Mr. Dickinson and his family. Our father did not like them, because their sons had the reputation of being wild, and were inclined to make love to our sisters, especially to Emily, who was a very attractive girl. At last they were forbidden to come to Avondale. However, our family, with the exception of our father, made arrangements some time later with the Dickinsons to give a performance of "She Stoops to Conquer." Emily was the heroine of the play, and young Dickinson (afterwards her husband) the hero, while Charley was the page and I the butler. The play proved a great success, the love scenes being particularly realistic, though our father refused to come to it, and there is little doubt that it influenced his attitude towards Emily in later years.

CHAPTER IV

WARDS IN CHANCERY

A Great Bereavement.

Charley was at this time (1859) about thirteen, and living at Avondale with our father, while I was at school in Paris with M. Roderon, learning French, drawing, and a little painting. My sisters were also in school at Paris. Our uncle, Charles Stewart, of Ironside, Bordentown, U.S.A., the son of Commodore Charles Stewart, our mother's father, was living in 51, Champs Élysées, with his mother, Mrs. Stewart. Our married sister, Mrs. Thompson, was also in Paris, living in the Faubourg St. Germain. We were all very happy, when a telegram arrived to say that our father had died suddenly at the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin.

He was always an enthusiastic cricketer, and had gone up to Dublin to play in a big match between the Leinster and the Phœnix teams, although for some time he had been under the doctor's care, suffering from rheumatism of the stomach, and had been warned by Sir Frederick Marsh not to indulge in violent exercise. But he had a determined will, and, like Charley, when he had made up his mind to a thing, carried it out at all

cost. The result was that, although in a high fever, he insisted on playing in the match. He felt worse on his return to the hotel, and sent for a doctor; but it was too late, and he died next day. His death came as a thunderbolt to us all, as he was always regarded as the healthiest of the whole family.

He was buried quietly at Mount Jerome, my brother Charley being the only member of the family to see him laid at rest, as all the others were abroad. After the funeral, my mother, my sisters, and myself, returned to Dublin, where we stopped in lodgings near Gardiner Street.

It was here that our father's will was read. Avondale was left to Charley; the Armagh estate (Collure) to myself; and the Carlow property to Henry. I well remember Charley standing by our mother's bed discussing our father's will, and saying, "I suppose John has got Avondale," and when mother told him it was his, he was greatly surprised and said he never expected it.*

Wards in Chancery.

After this our mother took steps to have us all made wards in Chancery, after consulting the guardians, Sir Ralph Howard, Bart., and Mr.

* The reason why, although I was the eldest son, Avondale was left to Charley was one which neither of us knew at this time. I explain it, however, in a subsequent chapter. See Book II., Chapter VI.

Johnson. Sir Ralph Howard was annoyed at being joint guardian with Mr. Johnson, who was a Scotch agricultural expert, and an old friend of our father's.

Once we were made wards in Chancery, Mr. McDermott (our father's solicitor), who managed our affairs under the direction of the Court of Chancery, arranged to have us placed in our mother's charge, and we all went down to Avondale. It was a sad home-coming for the young heir, my brother Charley. Mr. McDermott came down to take charge of father's affairs and to go through the papers. He found everything in a very confused state, and his first act was to pay off all the workmen not actually required; while, by order of the Court, the live-stock and farming implements were sold by auction. Sufficient horses for the use of the family were kept, and the rest sold. Mr. West, of Mount Avon, was appointed agent. The servants were kept on, and one of them, indeed—a faithful old retainer named Martin Walsh—would have refused to leave us under any circumstances. Miss Zouche, a devoted relative, who had been acting as housekeeper, remained at Avondale for a year to take charge of the house while our affairs were being put in order.

We then moved to Dalkey, about eight miles from Dublin, along the sea-coast, the Court deciding on a house named Khyber Pass as being

a suitable residence for us. This house was situated on a very high hill, overlooking the sea and the railway, and I remember clearly the beautiful view we had of the sea in the distance.

Charley was now more of a companion for me, and he and I spent most of our time together. My sisters had a governess, and Charley and I a tutor. When our studies were over, he and I used to go out together.

A Narrow Escape.

It was at this time that we both learnt to swim, and we used to go down to the gentlemen's bathing-place on the West Pier at Kingstown. We used to have a belt on us and a rope tied to it when we started to learn, and we then ran down a plank and jumped into deep water. Once the rope attached to Charley's belt broke, and he was struggling desperately for some time before the bathing-master could reach him and bring him to safety. There is little doubt that a moment or two's delay would have resulted in his being drowned. We soon became good swimmers, and used to bathe with Mr. McDermott off the rocks at Dalkey. I remember catching plenty of fish off those rocks, too. Mr. McDermott, I may mention, was at this time paying attention to our sister Sophy, who afterwards became his wife, so that he was a constant visitor at our house.

Charley and I were very fond of boating, and spent as much time as we possibly could on the water, having many a rough row against the tide and currents round Dalkey Island. We used to catch off the Mugglins Rocks quantities of flounders and plaice on our trips, and bring them home to be cooked. Bullock Harbour was another favourite resort of ours, and we used also frequently to row to Kingstown and back from Dalkey, though we found the currents very swift close to land—a fact which, however, made us enjoy the outing all the more.

From the windows of Khyber Pass Charley shot many a rabbit, and we used often to go out ferreting at Dalkey, taking with us the porter at the railway-station.

Treasure Trove.

On one of these expeditions I discovered a vein of lead in the rocks on the railway cutting, not far from the tunnel, and Charley and I spent a lot of time chipping it out. Probably no one knows now of its existence.

A favourite walk of ours was from Dalkey to Bullock Harbour, and then on to Kingstown. We used to argue about the round towers that stood between Dalkey and Kingstown, and marvel at them as being a useless protection. I remember the whole-hearted admiration with which we always gazed at the ivy-clad ruins of Bullock

Castle. This old ruin has now been restored, and is the residence of my valued friend, Mr. Quan-Smith. This walk by the sea was, I think, our favourite of all. We also delighted in taking trips on the old atmospheric railway and the tram-track from Dalkey quarries, where they excavated the stone for Kingstown Pier.

We remained a year at Khyber Pass, and then moved to Kingstown, taking The O'Conor Don's house near Clarinda Park. This house was beautifully situated in a large wooded park full of fine elm, beech, and ash trees. There was also a large fruit and vegetable garden, protected by a high wall, where in summer and autumn Charley spent a great deal of his time, much to the annoyance of the gardener, who wished to keep the fruit for the table. I was a loyal supporter of Charley's in this respect, for we both loved fruit.

Our grandmother, Mrs. Stewart, came over from Paris to spend a few months with our mother. This was during the great American Civil War, and grandmother fretted much over this unnatural conflict between brother and brother. Charley was very fond of his grandmother, and, before going out anywhere, always went to say good-bye to her. One day in August he went, as usual, to see her before going boating, and she gave him some pocket-money. She was resting in mother's arm-chair after lunch, and apparently expired just after Charley had seen her, for Emily, coming

in a little later, found her dead in the chair. It was a terrible shock to our mother, as she was devoted to Mrs. Stewart, who to the last was a fine, handsome, kindly old lady, and had endeared herself to the whole household. Charley, on his return from his boating expedition, was terribly upset to hear of her death. He and I, who were both very keen on science, dashed off to a doctor to fetch a galvanic battery, hoping to revive her, as we could not believe that she was really dead; but the doctor whom we brought back with us pronounced life to be quite extinct. The body of our grandmother was placed in a vault at Mount Jerome, pending its removal to her relations' burial-place at Boston, U.S.A. It was noticeable that from this time onward Charley never, if he could possibly avoid it, attended a funeral.

After this sad affair Charley and I went down to Casino, the dower-house near Avondale, for a change. We had many friends there, and were asked out repeatedly to dinners and to cricket matches, and spent many pleasant evenings with Mr. Edwards, the engineer of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway (now the Dublin and South-Eastern), which was then in course of construction. I may mention here that my brother got £3,000 compensation for the railway running through his property.

After a year spent in Kingstown we all went

down to Casino again for the winter. Charley and I got up a shooting-party for woodcock, which were plentiful in Avondale woods. Our mother did not care for the country, so took a house at 14, Upper Temple Street, Dublin; but Charley, Fanny, and myself, remained at Casino for some time longer with our sisters' Italian governess. We had a very happy time, for we all loved Avondale, Charley's beautiful home; and to me still there is no lovelier spot on earth, and to the end of time my heart will sorrow that it is no longer the home of the Parnells.

We joined our mother finally at Temple Street, and continued our studies. Emily, Sophy, and Fanny, were taught Italian and German by M. Rossin. The others—Henry, Anna, and Theodosia—were still among the juveniles. I went to the School of Mining in Stephen's Green, and there obtained two certificates for mining and geology, while I also kept up my painting. Just about this time Sophy married Mr. McDermott, and went to live in Fitzwilliam Square.

Emily felt greatly not being able to marry her sweetheart, Captain Dickinson, and became very depressed. Under his will, our father, fearing she would not be happy with Captain Dickinson, made her no bequest, with a view to rendering the marriage impossible; but she remained true to her lover, and after an engagement lasting ten years they were married.

Fanny at this time was engaged to Mr. Catterson Smith, the celebrated artist, who at that time, however, had not made his name, so that Charley raised strong objections to the match. I think he afterwards regretted taking this course, as Fanny never married.

Looking back over our past lives, I can see that it was here at Temple Street that our fates were really decided. From this time forward great changes took place in the life of each of us, and this may be said to have been the birth of our careers, especially Charley's.

CHAPTER V

AT WISHAW'S

Back to School.

About four years after our father's death, our mother became anxious about sending Charley and myself to a private tutor, in order to prepare us for the University. When talking one day to the late Lord Meath, she asked him what would be a good place to complete her sons' education. He told her that his own son, Lord Brabazon (the present Earl of Meath), was then with the Rev. Mr. Wishaw, at the Rectory, Chipping Norton, England—a place which he thoroughly recommended. Mother then went over to England and saw Mr. and Mrs. Wishaw, and decided to send us both there. At that time I was about nineteen, and Charley fifteen.

Having said good-bye to mother, we left Kingstown by the early boat, and got to Chipping Norton late in the evening. The Rectory—a pleasant-looking, two-storied country house—was about half a mile from the station, so we started to walk there. On reaching Mr. Wishaw's, Charley (whose highly-strung, nervous temperament was

even then noticeable) exclaimed, on seeing the graveyard facing the Rectory: "I say, John, I don't quite like this; I hope I won't get into any rows here." He had hardly said this when he slipped while knocking at the door, and nearly fell through the glass panel, crying out: "This is a good beginning!"

Mr. Wishaw, who was a pleasant-featured man, with hair just turning grey, came up to welcome us, and introduced us to our future companions. These were Lord Brabazon, Mr. Pilkington (afterwards an M.P.), and Mr. Louis Wingfield (cousin of Lord Powerscourt). When we had all sat down to supper, Charley and Lord Brabazon began a lively conversation on cricket, a game in which they were both deeply interested.

I may mention that it was a peculiarity of my brother's that then, as in after-life, it was hard to get him to talk on any subject unless he was really interested in it. Once I spoke to him about this, and he replied: "My idea is to mind my own affairs, and leave other people's alone."

Being the youngest pupils there, we were given a classroom to ourselves, and were lodged at a small cottage opposite the Rectory. Mr. Wishaw himself taught me writing, spelling, and recitation, as, having only been in school at Paris, I had not made the progress I should have done with the English language. As I was very fond of painting, Mr. Wishaw encouraged me to copy his

own pictures, he himself being a clever artist, and he also frequently played chess with me.

Charley having expressed a desire to go to Cambridge, a special master was engaged for him. He was a clever man, though a little deformed; but Charley and he never got on. My brother objected to his mode of teaching, which led to frequent quarrels, culminating one day in a fearful row.

I can see my brother now, his face aflame with passion, and his mouth twitching nervously, while he denounced the teacher and his methods. Mr. Wishaw had to interfere, and told Charley that if he did not apologize he would be sent home. The apology was finally forthcoming, but it was a very reluctant and grudging one, as Charley fully believed that he was in the right. The result was that he could never endure this teacher afterwards, and his studies suffered considerably in consequence.

In spite of this, his days at Chipping Norton were happy ones, and he thoroughly enjoyed riding, hunting, and playing cricket. He and a special friend of his went for many walks together, and made the acquaintance of several of the young ladies of the neighbourhood.

A Love Affair.

One bright, pretty girl especially attracted Charley, and I used continually to meet them together on the country roads, especially those

lonely spots suited for lovers' walks. When we met in this way I never joined them, as Charley was very jealous of any other fellow, especially of me. While this attraction lasted, his studies were considerably interrupted; but when she went away he set to work steadily, determined to master the subjects before him, and qualify himself as quickly as possible for Cambridge. Although he was at this time only sixteen, I think this little romance instilled into him a feeling of manhood, and made him eager to take a place in the world—how great a one neither he nor any of his friends had any idea of then. Certainly he had no idea at that time of entering the great arena of politics.

We returned for the Christmas holidays to Temple Street, Dublin, where, after a loving welcome, mother told us how pleased she was to see such a great improvement in both her boys. She was eager to hear every detail of our life at Chipping Norton, and was delighted to have us with her once more.

As Avondale was at this time let to Mr. Edwardes, the railway engineer, Charley, Fanny, and myself, went down to Casino, where we found Emily with her governess, Mdlle. Rossina. This lady took a great fancy to Charley, but he made no response, preferring to come out with me shooting and exploring the lovely country around Avondale, and having long chats with

Mrs. Twopenny, his old nurse, whose genuine delight at seeing him again thoroughly pleased and flattered Charley.

After spending a happy fortnight at Casino, we returned to Temple Street, and spent a few days with our mother before returning to school. On our way back, we had got as far as Chester, when Charley suddenly said, "John, we will each go by a different way, and I bet I'll be there first." I replied, "No, you won't, for I'll go by Oxford, the usual way"; but Charley's last words as we parted at the station were, "You'll see that I'll be there before you." However, it turned out that both our trains arrived at Chipping Norton Junction (now known as Kingham) at the same time, and we joined one another on the platform, much to Charley's disgust when he first caught sight of me, though a moment later we were laughing heartily together.

After we had settled down to study again, Charley took a keen interest in mechanics, and altogether did fairly well at his lessons.

About this time Mrs. Wishaw died, and Charley and I went back to Dublin, not returning until after the funeral.

We often went to play cricket at Churchill, a village near Chipping Norton, where Charley got a high reputation as a bat, wicket-keeper, and catch.

To my great delight, I managed to get per-

mission from the owner of the river to fish there when I wanted to; but one day I was bringing away such a good haul when I met him that he took the leave away.

Charley was very fond of arguing during his school-days, and we all said he would have made a splendid lawyer, for, try as we would, we could never get the better of him in an argument.

We were both good walkers, but he preferred walking alone. He was fond of ridiculing my particular tastes, but I did not mind that, for I knew it was not due to want of affection, but simply a manner he had. Being a good dancer, Charley was invited out a great deal, and was a thorough favourite with the girls.

At College.

Shortly after our return from Chipping Norton, Charley went up to Cambridge, but I did not accompany him. He was at Cambridge from 1865 to 1869, but spent little time there, and left owing to his getting into serious trouble. I understood afterwards that an action for assault was successfully brought against him in the Cambridge County Court by a merchant named Hamilton, twenty guineas damages being awarded. The evidence in court was of a conflicting nature, and Charley never told me his version of the affair. His references to his undergraduate days were very brief and re-

served, though he appeared to have got on badly with the other fellows, and to have had many quarrels, which often resulted in blows. On one occasion, he told me afterwards, five students came to his bedroom for what would now be called a "rag," and after a desperate struggle he succeeded in throwing them all out.

In any event, the college authorities decided to send him down for the remainder of the term, of which, however, there was only a fortnight left. Although there was no reason why he should not have returned at the beginning of the next term, as he had not been expelled, he steadily refused to do so, and his education thus concluded without his taking a degree.

There is no doubt that the fact of his never having been at a real school, and having a continual change of tutors, coupled with the perfunctory nature of his studies at college, considerably hampered him in after-life. He often expressed to me his regret that he had not received a better education, and, even, that he had not devoted himself with more application to such opportunities as he had for study. One result was that he was always afraid of lapsing into an error of grammar or spelling, and for a considerable time wrote out his speeches word for word, and carefully corrected them before delivery. His letters, also, throughout his career show frequent signs of erasure and alteration.

CHAPTER VI

NEARING MANHOOD

At the time of Charley's return our mother was keeping open house in Temple Street, giving dinners, balls, and small dances, to her many Dublin friends. Charley was very popular in society, going to all the dances and parties. He used to admire and dance with all the pretty girls at the balls given by Lord Carlisle, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

In the Militia.

Charley soon decided to join the militia. One trivial reason that influenced him was that by doing so he would be able to wear uniform at the Castle, as he particularly disliked the levee dress, declaring it looked too much like a footman's livery. He found that there were vacancies in the Wicklow Rifles, and also in the Armagh Light Infantry; but, as he was a Wicklow landed proprietor, he chose the former, while, as my estate was in Armagh, I joined the Armagh Light Infantry. We had some training at the Royal Barracks in Dublin before joining our respective

regiments, which were also afterwards called out for training. Charley told me that he had a very enjoyable time when training with his regiment, as he went to no end of dinners, dances, and garden-parties, and I, too, had very much the same experience with the Armaghs. While we were in the militia, Charley and I attended all the levees, and drawing-rooms, and other entertainments, at Dublin Castle. The Lord Lieutenant, Lord Carlisle, being a friend of our mother's, used to talk to us a good deal, especially about our cricket matches.

The American Civil War.

It was during the great Civil War in the United States that my brother first took an interest in politics. The horrors of the conflict were so often discussed by our grandmother and our mother, themselves Americans, that it would have been strange indeed if we had not been influenced by the tales of death and devastation which came across the water. Charley eagerly read every item of information contained in the newspaper, and discussed the details freely with us. My mother's sympathies were with the North, while I advocated the cause of the South, and we had many a heated, though friendly, discussion in our family circle. Charley supported his mother, and we reproduced the war between us, with considerable damage to the furniture, any odd articles

being held sufficient when argument failed. I remember, when sticks and other ordinary weapons were not at hand, we found jam-pots come in very useful. As the house was a rented one, our mother had every often to pay heavy compensation, owing to the damage done through our keen interest in politics.

We had a visit about this time from Mr. Harry King, the son of a wealthy cotton-planter and railroad director of Augusta, Georgia, U.S.A. Our sisters knew him already, as he had come over to their school in Paris to visit his own sister, and he had met Charley at Cambridge when he was studying for his degree; so that altogether he was a very welcome guest at Temple Street, where he remained until the war was over, and it was safe for him to return to his Southern home.

A Shooting Trip.

It was partridge-shooting season at that time, so Mr. King, Charley, and myself, went off to Carlow together, taking with us a tent in the pony trap, while we sent the rest of our baggage on by rail. We had the right to shoot over the entire property, which had been left under our father's will to our brother Henry. We got our gamekeeper, Jack Whateley, to pitch our tent on the land of Mr. Brownrigg, a tenant, and we slept on canvas stretched on poles stuck into the ground,

instead of mattresses. Charley and Mr. King always went off by themselves, but they brought home very little game, and whenever I met them I found them hard at work discussing American politics, Mr. King, of course, taking the part of the South, while Charley upheld with all his vigour the policy of the North. Unfortunately, these discussions not only interfered with the actual shooting, but used to be continued throughout the night, so that just as I would be dropping off to sleep, tired after a hard day's sport, I would hear their voices raised in support of their respective parties. The result was that I frequently shied my boots at them with all my force, and if my aim was lucky, the discussion generally ended for the night.

We had a fortnight of this, and I wondered how they could keep their interest so much alive in the politics of what was, after all, a remote country; so much so that I said once: "Charley, if you ever take up politics, you will certainly fight to win." He replied: "I have no such thought, but I hold that a man should be thorough, and, if he takes up a cause, *should* fight to win."

We bathed every morning in the river, and Charley and Mr. King used to run races in the sunshine to dry themselves. Perfect weather, good comradeship, and excellent sport, made the expedition one of the most enjoyable periods in our lives. Often in after-days Charley and I

discussed in other circumstances those jolly times down in Carlow when we were so free from care.

The war being over, Mr. King returned to his home. Charley and I went to see him off at Kingsbridge, little thinking how our fates were to be linked with America, and especially with the South, in the days to come.

A little later Mr. Wishaw, our old tutor, and his son, came over from England to see us at Temple Street. They were very much interested in all things Irish, and the two of us took them down to Killarney, and showed them over that famous beauty spot. However, they were only in Ireland for a few days after our return to Dublin, and went away longing to have seen more of the country. Mr. Wishaw—who, as I have said before, shared my taste for art—took some beautiful sketches of the scenery in Killarney, which he said would always remind him of his brief but pleasant visit to Ireland.

Charley was a great practical mechanic, and devoted much of his time to engineering pursuits, so that his life at Avondale was a very busy one, as he had also many social duties. The Wicklow county families constantly entertained him, and no invitation to Avondale was ever refused.

I was returning one night from a big dinner with Charley, when we discussed whether I should go to America, as our uncle Stewart had written

home saying that, now the war was over, big fortunes were to be made, and advising me to go out there. I had just had a legacy left me by a relative, and my uncle thought I had the chance of doubling it. Charley thought I ought to consult our uncle, Sir Ralph Howard, but from him I got no encouragement. He told me that I had no need to go, as he would leave me well off. This, however, did not suit me, as I had no fancy for waiting to step into dead men's shoes, and I decided to go to America. Charley resolved to invest some money out there too, and promised to visit me in my new home. In order to enable our sister Emily to marry Captain Dickinson, Charley got me to appoint him agent of my estate, which I did, with the result that he and Emily were married soon after.

I remained in America for about a year, and was very busy cotton-planting and getting acquainted with my new Southern friends. I had a very good time, and was received most hospitably by all the old Southern rebels, who made me thoroughly welcome to their homes.

When I returned to Ireland, I found Charley busily engaged with his new sawmills at Avondale, where he was trying to make money out of the fine timber on the estate.

I spent that autumn at Avondale, with Charley and Captain Dickinson. We were the only members of the family there, and were waited upon

by Peter Gaffney and his wife Mary, the latter looking after the house, while Peter attended at table.

A Blindfold Escapade.

We were sitting one night, after a good dinner, round one of those roaring pinewood fires that Charley always so much enjoyed, when the three of us began to discuss the blindfold walking craze which was then the rage in Dublin. The newspapers of the time, which devoted a great deal of space to the subject, pointed out how difficult it was for people to find their way even between the most familiar places and over the shortest distances. Our conversation resulted in Charley and Captain Dickinson betting me that I would not find my way blindfolded from Avondale to Casino, not a very great distance, it is true, but one plentifully strewn with obstacles.

I took the bet, and, being blindfolded, set out from the hall door of Avondale across the lawn, Charley and Captain Dickinson following to see that I did not hurt myself, but not interfering with the direction I took. At first I got mixed up with the big trees on the lawn, but knowing every inch of the grounds, and having a special love for the trees, I knew as soon as I got hold of the holly-tree at the head of the lawn where I was, and set off in a bee-line across the cricket-lawn, got to the road ditch, crossed it without

falling in, and found the gate of Casino, which I climbed, still blindfolded.

Once over the gate I took off the bandage, expecting to see the two of them and be congratulated on my success, but to my astonishment I was alone. I made my way back to Avondale, and found the pair sitting snugly by the fire, thoroughly enjoying what they expected to have been my series of mishaps over the difficult route.

Charley hunted a great deal at Avondale, and used to come home covered with mud, from his many tumbles in the field. He used to tell me that in hunting, as in everything else, his ambition was to be first in the field.

The Sawmills.

Charley, although when he came of age he found himself a pretty well-to-do country gentleman, showed also considerable business capability, and directly he had the control of affairs set to work to benefit his property by every possible means. It must be remembered that, although his income from Avondale was a large one, he had out of it to keep the whole of his family, who had no money except the small annuities coming to them out of my property in Armagh. My mother was also extremely fond of entertaining, and, as she had been left nothing under father's will, Charley con-

ceived the idea of making sufficient money out of his timber to provide her with ample funds for her wants. Accordingly he erected a small sawmill at Avondale, where he had the timber cut by machinery, thus introducing a new business into Wicklow, as the only other sawmill in the Valley of the Seven Churches was that owned by Captain Bookey, of Derrybawn. Captain Bookey had a very fine demesne through which the Avonmore ran to the Meeting of the Waters.

The mills at Avondale, it is curious to note, were worked by water from the pond which we made as boys. Captain Bookey and Charley, who were both young men and great friends, took much interest in their mills, which at that time were the only ones in the county. The only time that I met Captain Bookey was at a cricket match at Avondale just before he started on a cruise on the Mediterranean, which ended disastrously, as the yacht was overturned in a squall, and Captain Bookey was caught in the sail and drowned before he could be extricated.

When I came back to Ireland after my next visit to America, I found Charley still down at Avondale, busy with his sawmills, his cricket matches, and his parties. My mother was then living in Paris, as Temple Street had been given up, and the family scattered, never again to meet all under the same roof. Charley often got invitations from Paris to balls at the British Embassy,

and thought nothing of making a flying trip to France to attend one; in fact, I do not think he ever missed one.

Aughavannagh.

During this time Charley and Captain Dickinson spent a good deal of time grouse-shooting at Aughavannagh. Originally one of the barracks erected by the Government during the rebellion of 1798, it commanded a wide view of the lonely but beautiful country around. In Charley's days it was used purely as a shooting-lodge, and fell considerably into disrepair. It has since, however, been largely rebuilt by Mr. John Redmond, my brother's successor in the leadership of the Irish party, who has converted it into a fine residence.

There used to be a legend, which we often heard repeated during our visits to Aughavannagh, that there existed a secret passage from the old barracks to the mountain, two miles away. Patrick O'Toole, our old gamekeeper, used to point out to us a spot near the top of the mountain, which he said was the opening of the passage, but it was so surrounded by immense boulders that it was impossible to reach it. Still, there certainly were a number of hollows in the mountain which looked as if they might have been old openings which had been closed by the falling in of soil. Charley and his friend, Mr. Corbett, used to spend a great deal

of time arguing as to the existence of this passage during their rambles over the mountain when they were shooting or inspecting the turf.

So ends the happiest period of my brother's life, before he took up the great fight on behalf of his country, on which all his hopes and interests were centred.

BOOK II

STEPS TO THE THRONE

"Sore disgrace it is to see the Arbitress of Thrones
Vassal to a Saxaneen of cold and sapless bones.
Bitter anguish wrings our souls with heavy sighs
and groans:
We wait the Young Deliverer of Kathaleen-ny-
Houlahan."*

J. C. MANGAN.

* A symbolical name for Ireland.

CHAPTER I

THE FENIANS

The Fenian Movement.

It is necessary to go back a few years to explain the Fenian movement, which had a certain influence on Charley's career, though it was by no means the main motive for his entering politics, as has generally been stated.

After the conclusion of the American Civil War, a number of the Irish soldiers, fired with the spirit of independence, came over to Ireland (while others made an abortive raid on Canada) to urge the people to establish a republic of their own, free from any British rule. They were desperate men inured to hardships through their terrible experiences in America, and thoroughly sanguine as to the success of their cause.

The chief period of their campaign in Ireland was from 1865 to 1867. Had they exerted their full force in the former year, they would probably, as a few of their surviving leaders tell me, if they had not achieved success, at least have made a stubborn and convincing fight, which, if it did not effect their full purpose of separation, might

at least have brought Home Rule nearer. Still, it must be remembered that, so far as Charley and myself were concerned, we were not associated either with their aims or their methods.

In 1866 many of the old American soldiers acted as recruiting sergeants for the Irish republic among the army itself. Disaffection spread rapidly, and large numbers of the rank and file declared themselves adherents of the Fenian cause, and openly joined in the singing of revolutionary songs at the "free-and-easies" which were then held throughout Dublin. The leaders, however, thought it better to wait for American support, and to spread the movement more widely through Ireland, before making a decisive blow. The result was that the English authorities became alarmed, and promptly drafted the disaffected portions of the army to England and remote portions of the Empire.

Finally, in March, 1867, a definite outbreak took place. The Fenian forces stormed the Stepaside police barracks, near Enniskerry in the Dublin mountains. This was closely followed by what was known as the Battle of Tallaght. A large but inadequately armed body of Fenians were marching along the road from Wicklow, when they were challenged by the chief of a body of police who were lying in wait for them. A shot was fired, and the police charged the disorganized column, quickly routing them. Domiciliary raids

in search of arms, followed by many arrests, were then made, and the movement appeared to be subdued, when what are known as the Manchester Murders occurred, a policeman, Sergeant Brett, being accidentally shot and killed owing to a pistol being fired through the lock of a police van in which some Fenian prisoners were being removed to gaol. Three of the four men arrested in connection with the affair were executed, and died strongly protesting their innocence of any intent to kill, or even to injure, the police officer. Their death on the scaffold, accompanied as it was by the levity of the large crowd assembled outside the prison gate, roused a feeling of unexampled indignation throughout Ireland, in which my brother himself joined, holding as he did the opinion, which he shared with many of the other more moderate well-wishers of Ireland, that the killing of the sergeant was purely due to an accident, and was aided by the officer himself bending his head towards the lock in order, as he thought, to escape the bullets.

The Fenians and Ourselves.

Our mother, who was devotedly attached to the cause of freedom, and our uncle, Charles Stewart, whose investments were almost entirely in Southern securities, felt a great deal of sympathy with the Fenians, especially when the Government adopted

drastic measures to stamp out the movement in Ireland.

Owing to our mother being a prominent American woman, and to her undisguised sympathies with the Fenian outlaws, a number of tramps and impostors used to call at our house in Temple Street for aid, a proceeding to which Charley strongly objected. In fact, I think he came to look upon most of the nondescript visitors to the house as tramps, as I did also to a certain extent. He finally got so tired of their constant visits that he used to wait for the so-called Fenians behind the hall door in Temple Street, and (like Sam Weller at Ipswich), directly the door was open, make a rush for them and kick them down the steps.

My sister Fanny was always the poetess of the family, as also our arch-rebel; she entered wholeheartedly into the Fenian movement, and wrote a series of stirring poems for O'Donovan Rossa's paper, *United Ireland*, for which he used to pay her small sums. I used generally to escort her to the office, but Charley made fun of her poetry, and steadfastly refused to accompany her to the Fenian stronghold. The newspaper was finally suppressed, and the offices seized by the police. O'Donovan Rossa was arrested and tried for high-treason.

Fanny and I attended every day of the trial, and as we sat near the prisoner, whose firm and

courageous demeanour we could not help but admire, we once went so far as to buy a bouquet with the intention of throwing it into the dock, but we never mustered up sufficient spirit actually to throw it. I still remember the cries of indignation mingled with cheers of encouragement which burst forth in court when the terrible sentence was passed. I led away Fanny, who could hardly restrain her tears, and who, I think, pictured herself as the next occupant of the dock.

A Police Raid.

In the days of frenzied police action which followed the rising and Rossa's trial, our mother not unnaturally became suspected of complicity with the Fenians, owing to the number of visits paid by suspicious characters to our house in Temple Street. As a matter of fact, she had actually assisted one of those connected with the Manchester affair to escape to America in female clothing.

However, one day a body of police suddenly appeared at our house in Temple Street with a search warrant, and insisted upon going through the whole house.

All they could find were the militia uniforms of Charley and myself, which they mistook for Fenian regimentals, and insisted upon taking away, in spite of the protestations of the whole family.

Charley especially disliked the idea of his uniform being taken for a Fenian one.

Some time after this we wanted to go to the levee at the Castle, but our uniforms were then in the possession of the Government. Charley treated the affair as a joke, and chaffed our mother on the dangers she ran owing to her complicity with the Fenian rising. He felt, however, the unjustified slight which was imposed on him by being debarred from the festivities at the Castle and Viceregal Lodge. He distinctly resented the idea of being stamped as a Fenian, especially as he was in the Queen's army, and was proud of the fact. This preyed somewhat on his mind, and he finally declared that he would leave the house if anything more was said about the Fenians. Charley and I wanted to go to the Castle to pay our respects to Lord Carlisle, but we were hampered by having no uniform. Still, as the Viceroy was an old friend of our mother's, we obtained the return of our uniforms by simply going to the Castle and asking for them, though we had to endure a great deal of chaff from the officers, who asked how it was that we came to be among the Fenians.

My recollection of Charley's attitude at the time is, as I have recounted, distinctly against his entrance into politics being in any sense due to the influence of the Fenian movement.

CHAPTER II

NEARLY MARRIED

A Wicklow Romance.

Until 1871, Charley, though not insensible to the charms of the fair sex, had had nothing in the nature of a really serious love affair. In Wicklow, it is true, he spent a good deal of time riding and hunting and dancing with a young lady belonging to a neighbouring county family, who was not only extremely beautiful, but possessed of considerable charm of manner. The talk of the tea-tables soon magnified the intimacy into an engagement, or at any rate an impending one, but I think there was little foundation for the statement beyond the mutual attraction and sincere friendship which existed between the two young people. Charley often told me how much he enjoyed his visits to her father's house, and referred to Miss C—— as being an extremely nice girl. Further than that, I am sure, things never went, and, as so often happened, the two young people gradually drifted apart as the years passed by. Certainly, his really serious entanglement in Paris quickly effaced all memory of this slightly-developed romance.

A Serious Love Affair.

It was during the time when Charley used to make repeated trips to Paris, where most of his family were then living, that he became involved in a love affair of a more serious nature, which had a marked effect on his character and subsequent career, and very nearly resulted in his bringing a wife home to Avondale.

Both he and I were staying with our uncle, Charles Stewart (son of the Commodore), at his flat in the Champs Élysées, when we were introduced to a young American lady, Miss Woods, who had the entrée to the very best society in Paris. She was fair-haired, extremely beautiful and vivacious, and Charley fell a complete slave to her attractions.

I may mention that Charley was at that time moving in the best society of Paris, and was strongly urged by his uncle to marry one of the many heiresses whom he was constantly meeting Although he was too proud and high-spirited to consent to a purely mercenary match, he was genuinely attracted by the beauty and charm of this lady, and the fact of her being heiress to a large fortune doubtless suggested to him the possibility of his restoring his family to the position it formerly held. But as time went on there is no doubt that passion quite superseded any thoughts of mere worldly advantage.

Love at First Sight.

Love in this case occurred actually at first sight, for the first signs of Charley's infatuation, as it subsequently proved to be, were shown at an Anglo-American party given by our uncle, where they were introduced to one another. Moving as they did in the same circles, their opportunities for meeting were many, and a mutual attraction soon ripened into a sincere affection, culminating in an engagement.

Charley and Miss Woods were at that time almost inseparable. They attended most of the principal social functions, where they were always to be seen together, as also was the case at the theatres and other entertainments, while they very often went for walks in the evenings in the Champs Élysées or the Bois. Their engagement was everywhere recognized, and they were the recipients of the warmest congratulations.

Miss Woods's family suddenly decided to go to Rome, as is the usual custom among both French and Americans in October. Her sudden departure made him very despondent, and he conceived the idea of following her to Rome. He was obliged, however, to return first to Ireland on business.

After a hurried week at Avondale, he spent two days at Paris with his uncle, and then set off for Rome.

Miss Woods appeared to be greatly delighted at his appearance, but her parents were not quite so cordial. He spent some time in Rome, visiting the principal places of interest in company with Miss Woods, with whom he generally walked arm in arm.

Then there arrived a letter from Charley's uncle, Mr. Stewart, warning him not to stop too long in Rome, for fear of catching the Roman fever. Charley had always a great dread of infection, and on receipt of the letter made instant preparations to return to Ireland. Miss Woods wished him to stop longer, but, seeing he was resolved, made him promise to come to Paris when they returned there.

Once back at Avondale, he set hard to work developing his land; but the aloofness which he displayed to the many eligible ladies he met in Wicklow society was greatly noticed, and proved his single-hearted devotion to Miss Woods.

He returned again to Paris, where he had an affectionate meeting with his fiancée, and they again became inseparable companions. In the spring of 1871 he returned to Avondale, owing to his presence being required at the sawmills. While there he set to work thoroughly preparing the house for the reception of his expected bride.

A Catastrophe.

He had not long been back to Avondale, when he received a short and not very informative letter from Miss Woods, saying that her mother and herself were returning immediately to their home at Newport, Rhode Island, U.S.A. The letter never mentioned anything with regard to the engagement or expressed any grief for the sudden parting.

Charley was dumbfounded when he received it. He was, however, too sincerely attached to Miss Woods to accept such an implied conclusion of their engagement. He hurried back to Paris, to find that Miss Woods had already left for America, and, after discussing American investments with his uncle, set off armed with several business letters of introduction, for the dual purpose of transacting some business and at the same time asking Miss Woods face to face her reasons for deserting him. But there is little doubt that the first reason was simply a pretext to justify the second, although, as matters turned out, he actually did a considerable amount of business during his visit to America.

I had at that time returned to my cotton-growing and fruit-farming in Alabama, whither, however, news of Charley's engagement had permeated to me.

Directly on his arrival in America, Charley set out for Newport. He was received cordially by Miss Woods and her relations, and seems to have come to the conclusion that things were as they had been before. One day, however, Miss Woods suddenly announced that she did not intend to marry him, as he was only an Irish gentleman without any particular name in public.

Charley, heartbroken, tried his best to make her reconsider her decision, but, finding she was determined, gave up the task as hopeless.

Resigned.

I received a telegram from him one day saying that he was coming down to see me in Alabama. After he arrived, we had a walk round the plantation, and Charley suddenly exclaimed: "John, I want you to come home with me; you have been over here long enough."

At that time, however, I had just entered into a new enterprise—peach-growing—and was eagerly expecting the next year's crop, so I felt compelled to refuse. He seemed very sullen and dejected, but made no reference to his love affair.

Knowing his usual reticence, I said nothing about Miss Woods (though, from letters I had received, I knew pretty well how matters stood), thinking that sooner or later he would tell me all, as he usually did.

I was out a great deal at the time, attending to my plantation, but my manager's wife, Mrs. Merna, told me that when alone he used to give himself up to fits of brooding and dejection. They would often, when they came into the room suddenly, find him crouching over the fire, his face covered with his hands, sighing bitterly. When I came in, he used generally to put on a pretence of gaiety, and I was so occupied with my affairs that I did not notice into what low spirits he had fallen until Mrs. Merna asked me what could be done to cheer him up.

I then put the question bluntly. I said: "Come, Charley, tell me what is the matter with you." He hesitated a moment, and then poured forth the pitiful tale of his love for Miss Woods, and how she had suddenly jilted him. He added: "John, I have a good mind to go back again to Newport and see her. She might change her mind. You know, I was and am very fond of her."

I said: "Do just as you think best."

However, he seems to have decided that such a step would have been undignified and useless. To distract his mind I took him out shooting and visiting, and also conducted him round some of the great Alabama cotton factories and grist-mills, in which he took a lively interest. We then went over to Birmingham, Alabama, to inspect the vast coal and iron fields which were then being developed

there. As he had some money invested in Virginian coalfields, he went into every detail of the methods of production with the keenest attention.

By then he appeared to have pretty well got over the shock occasioned by the abrupt termination of his engagement, but his attitude towards women for many years afterwards was a cold and even suspicious one.

A Visit to Miss Woods.

In 1880, when Charley was at the height of his fame, my sister Theodosia (Mrs. Paget) and myself happened to be in Newport on a summer holiday. We heard that Miss Woods, who had in the meantime married a rich American, was living at a villa just outside the town. Theodosia had met her in Paris during the days of Charley's courtship, and one day she said to me: "Come and let us call on Charley's old sweetheart." I said, "Well, we will," and we made our way to the villa.

When we arrived, she was in and welcomed us in the drawing-room. She was still very pretty, charmingly dressed, and vivacious in manner.

She talked rapidly, evidently rendered somewhat nervous by the memories which we aroused. Suddenly she said: "Do tell me how is your great brother Charles. How famous he has become!" She stopped and sighed for a moment, and seemed

almost bursting into tears, then suddenly cried, as if from the bottom of her heart: "Oh, why did I not marry him? How happy we should have been together!" We talked in general terms about Charley for a little time, and then we left, never to see her again.

I always consider it to be a striking coincidence that Charley's first real love affair was with a Miss Woods, while the maiden name of Mrs. O'Shea, to whom he was finally married, was Miss Katharine Wood.

CHAPTER III

CHARLEY IN AMERICA

A Visit to Alabama.

Charley's first visit to America, to which I have only briefly referred in connection with his love affair, merits a more detailed description, showing as it does the development of his character at what was really the critical part of his life. When I got the message saying that he was coming over to see me, I was hard at work on my plantation at West Point, Alabama. On the day of his arrival I had gone out partridge-shooting after breakfast, and had made a very good bag, when I suddenly felt that I ought to return, although I had not arranged to do so until the evening. On getting near the house, I saw a buggy with two gentlemen in it drive up to my gate. I hurried up, and found that it was Charley himself and a friend of mine, Mr. Lanier.

They were both very hungry, and I told Mrs. Merna, my housekeeper, to hurry up and get some dinner for them. She killed a cock and cooked it, but it proved to be a "fine tough bird," as Charley expressed it. Charley, however, had nothing but

praise for our home-made cakes, honey, and hominy, and over the coffee we had a good chat until it was time for Mr. Lanier to return to West Point, from where he had driven Charley over.

The two of us then had a long walk through my cotton plantation and peach orchards. He seemed greatly surprised at the large tract of land under cultivation, and the way in which I controlled the negroes. Everything in the South was strange to him, and the negroes and the rough set of white people with whom he came in contact puzzled him a great deal at first. He did not seem to like the negroes, and thought that the life generally was unfit for me; but I told him that I liked it, as it gave me a healthy and paying occupation, though he, of course, had got his own beautiful Avondale and plenty to do on the estate.

I did my best to make him comfortable, and gave him a nice room next to my own, with a communication door between, as I knew of old that he was subject to nervous attacks and used to walk in his sleep. He told me that he disliked the Southern cooking, because it was so greasy, and he seemed to be glad when I told him that I also disliked greasy food. Still, he appeared very soon to accommodate himself to the life.

He spent three weeks with me. We used to do a lot of partridge-shooting, and visited all the mills and cotton factories in the neighbourhood, in which he took a great deal of interest. One day

he came over with me to see Mr. Terry Collins's grist-mill, which was run by water-power. After examining the turbine wheel for some time, he asked Mr. Collins to take a certain part of it out to show him. This could not be done without stopping the mill, which Mr. Collins refused to do, much to Charley's disappointment, as he was used to having his slightest whim obeyed.

For exercise, Charley used to ride my black mare Fanny (named after my sister) into the town, which was about seven miles away, in order to fetch my mail and also his own, in which he took a great deal of interest, as he was then transacting a lot of business with New York.

An Altercation.

On one of his trips heavy rains had fallen, so that the mud was several inches deep, rendering it impossible to distinguish the footpath from the road. On entering the town, Charley dismounted, and, leading his horse along the path, made his way towards the post - office. Presently the Marshal (Chief of Police) came up to him, and told him to take the horse off the side-walk. My brother's proud spirit keenly resented this interference. He calmly surveyed the man, and said coldly: " I might do so if you could show me which is the path and which is the road. Personally I can see no difference " He then made his way

towards the post-office, but the Marshal followed and continued the argument, which became more and more heated. Finally the Marshal said he would have to fine him, and ordered him to come to the police-room. Charley replied that he would do so when he had fetched the mail.

"Whose mail?" asked the Marshal.

"My brother's — Mr. John Parnell's," said Charley curtly, whereupon the Marshal, to Charley's amazement, seized both his hands, shaking them heartily, and cried: "Go ahead; we all know Mr. Parnell, and are fond of him. I am proud to meet you, and would not hurt a hair of your head."

They both adjourned to Pat Gibbons's, where I always used to dine and put up my horse, Pat being an old Irishman and a thorough good fellow. There he was cordially welcomed, and he and the Marshal parted the best of friends. Charley, on his return, said: "They seem queer folk about here, John, and I might have finished by being shot if they hadn't happened to have known our name."

The Marshal in after-years, when Charley's name was famous throughout the world, used often to relate this little adventure with great pride.

I introduced Charley to Mr. Matt Hill, uncle of the celebrated Senator Hill of Georgia, and they had many lively discussions together over the war. Charley's sympathies had hitherto been

entirely for the North, but Mr. Hill, who was a Southerner, succeeded in modifying his views.

Senator Hill, Charley, and myself, used often to go out shooting on Colonel Chambers's plantation, taking my old dog "Drink" with us. Poor "Drink" had met with an accident, and had had his shoulder put out, so that he was a bit slow for Charley, who liked speed in sport as in everything else. On one occasion he lost his temper and levelled his gun at the dog, saying that he would shoot him, but I managed to persuade him not to do so. After that the dog behaved splendidly, and Charley got quite to like him.

On our return from shooting we got caught in a sudden cyclone. Such was its force that it quite took our breath away, and I had to let go the reins and allow the horse to get on as best he could himself. After a fierce spell, the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and we found ourselves as dry as we were before, as the rain had driven against us with such force that it had not time to settle on our clothes.

How the Pigs triumphed.

One night we were awakened by the grunting of a number of pigs under the house, which, as is usual in the South, was built on piles about five feet high, leaving an open space which was protected by lattice-work. Apparently some of the

pigs belonging to Ran, my "boss" nigger, had escaped, and had broken through the lattice-work in order to keep themselves warm in the recesses under the house.

I heard Charley's voice from the adjoining room crying: "I say, John, I can't sleep with that infernal noise."

"Well, Charley," I replied, being rather more used to such occurrences, "why don't you get up and take my gun and have a shot at them?"

Charley jumped out of bed, picked up the gun, and ran out in his nightshirt, firing a shot under the house in the direction from which the noise came. The result was that the terrified animals came rushing out, and upset him, gun and all, in the mud. When he returned and came into my room to relate his adventures, I couldn't help laughing at the disreputable appearance he presented. The gun was so clogged with mud that we had to set to work to clean it before going to bed.

A few days later the negro told me that one of the pigs was missing, and we were soon able to locate him owing to a very strong odour permeating through the floor of the house. When we set to work to search, we discovered that Charley's shot had killed one of the pigs, which we had removed to a decent burial-place.

Charley used often to relate this story with great gusto in after-days in Avondale.

There resided on the opposite side of the road a cotton-planter and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Felix Shank. They were very pleasant people, and the husband was a highly educated man who took a great deal of interest in the country and held an influential position. I took Charley over one night to see them, and in the course of a very enjoyable evening the conversation turned on the Alabama coal and iron fields, which were then being developed in a small way by a number of poor but energetic men. Charley became greatly interested in the subject, especially as he had just invested a good deal of the profits arising from his timber at Avondale in the Clover Hill coal-mine of Virginia.

After discussing the matter on several occasions, he said: " John, let's go over and see some of these new fields, as I am deeply interested in coal-mining, and the coalfields are on the way to New Orleans, where I am going down to see my Parisian friend, Mr. Cliphart."

CHAPTER IV

ADVENTURES IN THE COALFIELDS

A FEW days later Charley and I left West Point Station on the Alabama and Montgomery Railway, which connected at Montgomery with the line then known as the North and South Railway. At Montgomery we changed for Birmingham, the centre of the coal and iron fields, where we arrived after a very long and tedious journey.

On the way we passed the Cahawba coalfield, which was the first to be opened in the district, as it was on the earliest section of railway.

The quality of coal, however, was not very good, it being too sulphuric. When we stopped at Cahawba Station, Charley got out and asked the people a number of questions about the new coalfield and its prospects. He was asked his name, and was glad to find again that it was recognized.

Birmingham was at that time a small, insignificant village built of wooden houses, but, like every village in America, dignified with the title of city. It had one small, dirty wooden hotel, full of adventurers who had come there in the hope of getting work on the railroad and mines. The hotel was a miserable place and very crowded,

and we were constantly in dread of having five or six not too cleanly strangers sleeping in the same room.

Charley was thoroughly disgusted with this mode of living, as he had always been accustomed to the best of everything, and did not relish sitting down to dinner with a very ruffianly-looking crowd, though I did not mind them, as I found by experience that, though poor and rough, they were honest and upright.

After dinner, which consisted of a number of small pieces of bacon, hardly a mouthful apiece, I went to look for my hat, but found it gone, and a very shabby-looking article left in its place. Remembering the old days at Avondale, when Charley used to run off with my new hats and leave his old ones for me to take, I had no hesitation on this occasion in appropriating his. However, I went down to the village and bought a new one. This made Charley and myself very careful indeed about hanging up our hats when we went in to meals, and we usually brought them up to our room.

I remembered that a former West Point neighbour, Mr. Read, had gone to live at Birmingham, and we went and hunted him up. He was very glad to see us, and promised to introduce us to Colonel Powell, the pioneer of Birmingham, a wealthy and prominent citizen, to whom the original development of the coalfields was due.

Charley, owing to his proud disposition, was greatly afraid of being mistaken for the usual Irish emigrant, the only class of our countrymen who were to be found in these parts, and before we went round to Colonel Powell he said to me: "For God's sake, John, when we see Colonel Powell, don't tell him we are from Ireland, as they have never seen a real Irish gentleman, and wouldn't know one if they did, so that I would not be likely to get the information I want." However, it was already known that we had come over from Ireland, though that did not seem to do us much harm.

Colonel Powell (whom I met again with his family in Italy during the following year) was an educated and travelled man, and, as we soon learned, quite recognized the difference between the Irish emigrant and the capitalist seeking investments. He received us very cordially, and talked to me for some time about my fruit-growing. He introduced us to a Mr. Dunne, of Irish extraction, who had been in America a long time, and was thoroughly conversant with the conditions of the coalfields and the people working them, seeing that he owned the first coal-pit in that part of the country. Mr. Dunne's home was about forty miles from Birmingham, close to the celebrated Warrior coalfield, and he promised to take us over his original coal-mine.

We left Birmingham by an early train for the

Warrior coalfield, and on the way over the Great Warrior River saw the coal cropping out of the banks of the river as we crossed it by the railway bridge. We got off on the other side of the river, having told the conductor to stop the train near Mr. Dunne's house, as there was no station there. We had supper at Mr. Dunne's, and after a chat with the family went to bed. At breakfast Mr. Dunne described to us the pioneer mine, which is now one of the biggest in the South.

A Mine worked by Dentists.

But, to Charley's amazement, and at first incredulity, Mr. Dunne told us that the mine was only worked at that time by three Birmingham dentists, all poor men, whose only capital consisted in pulling out enough teeth from the negroes to provide for the work in the mine day by day. At the same time they kept an English engineer to superintend the works, though all his remuneration, like theirs, was dependent upon the future profits of the mine.

After breakfast Charley and Mr. Dunne and myself started on a tour of inspection. Charley wanted first to see the bridge over the Warrior River, which he noticed, with his invariable aptitude for observing detail, was one of a new design, and he wished to adapt the idea of the covering of the bridge for a roof which he pur-

posed constructing at his new sawmills at Avondale. He asked us to walk across the bridge before going to the coal-mines.

To cross it was a most difficult feat, as we had to walk on loose, rickety planks in the middle of the track, and if we had slipped we should have been hurled hundreds of feet below into the deep, swiftly-flowing Warrior River. As we went across, Charley caught hold of my hand, and we made our way carefully and safely to the other side. After crossing the bridge, Charley went back alone to the middle of it in order to make a sketch of the roof. He left Mr. Dunne and myself to watch at the end of the bridge for approaching trains, and we agreed to warn him of danger by the waving of a handkerchief. All of a sudden, when Charley had nearly finished his sketch, we saw a long freight-train approaching the bridge—luckily, at a very slow speed. We had barely time to give Charley the warning signal, and get him back to safety, before the train reached the bridge. If he had been overtaken halfway across, nothing could have saved him, as there was not even a handrail for him to cling to while the train was passing.

After Charley had completed his sketch, we recrossed the bridge and walked up to the mine, which was only a small opening in the hill, close to the railway track, not bigger than an ordinary-sized room, the seam of coal being pretty level with

the hill. We made the acquaintance of the English engineer, Mr. Shaw, and one of the dentist proprietors of the mine.

Mr. Shaw asked us to spend the night at his house until the train passed for Birmingham. After a hearty backwoods supper, we slept until it was time to go back to the track and meet the train. We brought a lantern with us, which we waved to call the attention of the engineer, who stopped to pick us up.

We got to Birmingham early in the morning, and after breakfast took a long walk to inspect the immense mountains of pure iron ore, Charley observing that the close proximity of the coal and the iron made the place doubly valuable. We had a delightful walk through the great forest, with the pine-trees sighing over our heads, and the delightful perfume of resin pervading everything, a scent that Charley was always fond of, saying that there was no life so healthy as that spent among the pine-trees.

Charley was now most anxious to invest £3,000 in the new coal-mine, as he evidently foresaw the great future that existed for this virgin country. Before leaving Birmingham he made arrangements to return there again after he had paid his promised visit to Mr. Cliphart at New Orleans.

After seeing everything of interest and looking fully into the coal and iron business, we left

Birmingham for Montgomery Junction, where Charley changed for New Orleans, while I went on to West Point.

After this I remained at home, marketing my cotton crop and preparing to wind up my American business before going back to Ireland with Charley.

CHAPTER V

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT

A Presentiment.

About two weeks after Charley had left for New Orleans, I received a telegram from him, telling me to catch the midday train from West Point to Birmingham next day, and meet him at Montgomery. I did not notice the date of the telegram, taking it for granted that it had been sent on the morning of the day I received it. Somehow, a presentiment will often come to me very strongly at times, and it was especially so the day I received this wire. I felt that something dreadful was going to happen, not to me, but to Charley, if he went to Birmingham by himself. Why I could not tell, as he had been travelling by himself for a considerable time; but, still, the feeling of coming disaster haunted me, until it took full possession of my mind.

However, I set off next morning by the twelve o'clock train. I do not know how long it was that I walked up and down the platform at West Point before the train left, trying to make up my mind whether to go or not. I did not want to go, as

I was sure that a catastrophe was impending, but something kept on telling me: "If I do not go, Charley will be killed." As I did not know anybody at Montgomery Junction Station to whom I could telegraph to tell Charley that I was not going, I started, greatly against my will.

On arriving at the junction, my train pulled up on one side of the platform, and exactly at the same time (reminding me of our experience at Chipping Norton when boys) the New Orleans train, in which I expected Charley, drew up at the opposite side. The sleeping-car of the New Orleans train had to be transferred to the North and South train, which went to Birmingham. I stepped out of my car, and, immediately I did so, saw Charley come out of the sleeper, face to face with me.

Directly he caught sight of me he appeared dumbfounded, and cried: "Hello, John, I did not expect to see you to-day! Have you been waiting for me since yesterday, when I asked you to meet me?" It was now my turn to look astonished, and I showed him the wire I had received. He said: "You ought to have received that the day before."

The mystery of our meeting impressed us both, and Charley evidently did not like it at all.

I had come up from West Point with a friend of mine, Dr. Pierce. I introduced him to Charley, who decided to leave his sleeper and join us in our day-car—a most lucky occurrence for him, as it

turned out. Charley and the doctor sat down next to the door, opposite the stove, while I took a seat in front of them, so as to join in the conversation. They started talking about the great future of the coalfields, but as we went along we kept noticing the curious way in which the engineer overran his train past every station, having to back into the platform. We concluded that this section of the line, which had not long been finished, was new to him.

A Negro's Prophecy.

When we were not very far from Birmingham, Charley, who had noticed the overrunning of the train, started to tell Dr. Pierce and myself a curious incident which had occurred to him when on his way from seeing his friend, Mr. Cliphart, at New Orleans. A negro, who was seeing the people off the boat across the gang-plank, turned to him and said: "You are getting off, and will be killed." Charley said that he felt like kicking him into the bay. But, strange to say, after that he felt very much as I did—that something was going to happen.

The Accident.

Suddenly, as he was talking in this way, the train jumped the track, tearing up the rails with a terrible jar, and, as I afterwards learned, pitched

down a very high bank, and turned upside down with the wheels on top.

When the train first bumped and rocked as it left the metals, I remember taking hold of both sides of the seat to keep my balance, as I did not know what was going to happen next. The last thing I remember was seeing the stove topple over, after which I became unconscious.

Charley afterwards told me that when the train jumped the track he tried to leap out of the car, but as he got up the train was turning over, and his coat got caught in the hat-rack, suspending him there and breaking his fall, and also, which was perhaps as well, preventing him from jumping out. He said that when he realized that the train was running off the line he was sure that he was going to be killed, and that the negro's prophecy was coming true. Even if he had succeeded in gaining the door and jumping out, the train would most likely have fallen on him and killed him; and if he had remained in the sleeping-car nothing could have saved him, as it caught fire and was burnt to a cinder. Fortunately, there was no one in the sleeper except the porter, who, being awake, succeeded in making his escape.

I was then unconscious, but Charley told me afterwards that, once the accident occurred, all was in darkness, the doors were jammed and broken and the windows smashed. With the exception of the baggage car, mail cars, and engine,

the train was scattered, wheels up, the tops of the cars being embedded in the ground. As the door was jammed, Dr. Pierce, Charley, and the other passengers, got out through the top of the broken window. When they had got out, they missed me, and Charley turned to Dr. Pierce and cried: "Oh, where is my brother? He must be still in the car."

Charley Rescues me.

After all the people who were able to do so had got out of the car, Charley crawled back in search of me. He finally found me in the darkness, lying on the floor as if dead. He cried out to Dr. Pierce: "Oh, doctor, I have escaped, but I fear my poor brother is either badly hurt or killed!"

They took hold of me and dragged me out through the window, and then carried me to a little farmhouse near to the track. I did not recover consciousness until I found myself in a room lying on a bed, while a number of people were stretched on the floor, bleeding and moaning.

All of a sudden I realized that Charley was not there, and, although badly stunned, I was seized with a terror that he might be killed, as I slowly recalled, sitting up dazed in bed, my feelings since I received the telegram, and also Charley's incident with the negro. I found that my neck and head hurt frightfully, owing to my having

been dashed against the top of the car; but I struggled out of bed and staggered forth in search of Charley and Dr. Pierce. When I got out into the yard, I found my brother stretched full length on a grass plot. I hurried to him, fearing that he was dead; but when I approached he raised himself on his elbow, and said: "I hope you are not so bad as when we brought you here. I believe I have received some internal injury."

He recalled the negro's prophecy, and said that he had had a narrow escape from its being fulfilled. However, he seemed much more concerned about my injuries than his own.

As the accident had occurred some distance from any station, the engine was sent on ahead for help. It returned with a baggage car containing some doctors, and we were all placed in it and brought on to Birmingham, except one unfortunate man, who was found to be already dead. I remember that Charley during the journey to Birmingham was looking very pale, and, like the rest of the injured, lay down on the floor of the car. Strange to say, I was the only one able to sit up, although my neck was getting worse and worse every moment.

On arrival at Birmingham, we were all taken to the little wooden hotel where Charley and I had stopped a couple of weeks before.

When we got out of the train, I appeared to be less hurt than anybody, and the people waiting

on the platform crowded round me, and asked me questions as to how the accident had occurred. When the doctors came to me, I remember showing them my hand, the fingers of which were broken, and telling them that my neck hurt me. After they had examined me, one of the doctors said: "Never mind about your hand; your head and neck are seriously injured, and you must go to bed immediately."

I was quite surprised, as I did not think I was so badly hurt; but I went to the same little room in which Charley and I had slept before, and got into my bed, which I did not leave again for over a month. My neck turned out to be indeed very badly hurt, and the doctors said that if Charley had received the same injuries it would have killed him on the spot, as it would nine out of ten persons.

A Tender Nurse.

I was obliged to have my head supported by cardboard bandages for a month to come. Charley was the only nurse I had, though he also was suffering from his injuries. He attended to my wants better and more tenderly than any woman could have done, and was most anxious about me, never leaving me even to attend to his coal investment business. All that he was anxious about was to get me safely home to Ireland, though he was still in negotiations

about his £3,000 investment. We had to sleep together in the same small bed, which was much too small for both of us, especially under the circumstances.

We had nobody to wait on us, but at times friends used to come and see us and keep us company, for which we were heartily grateful. Among them were Miss Callaghan, who was a friend of mine at West Point, and Father Galvin, an Irish priest related to the Father Galvin of Rathdrum who in after-days used to assist Charley during his political fights. Everyone showed us the utmost kindness, and we made many new friends, none of whom, however, realized that my pale-faced nurse, himself suffering though uncomplaining, was a few years later to become the world-renowned champion of Irish liberty.

Abortive Negotiations.

When I was well on the road to recovery, Charley used to take trips to the Warrior coalfield, especially to inspect the suspensory work of the roof of the bridge, in which he seemed to take an absorbing interest. I used to be very nervous about his safety during his absence, picturing him alone in that dangerous spot, but he returned safely every evening.

He told me that he had made no arrangements yet with the owners of the coal-mines, but had

asked them to draw up a partnership agreement and bring it round to the hotel.

As soon as I was well enough, Charley appointed a day for the owners of the coal-mine to meet in our bedroom at the hotel, and conclude the agreement for him to become a part owner in the mines on introducing a capital of £3,000. I advised him to go into it, and also to buy up a large tract of the Long Leaf pine-lands, close to the coal-mines, under which I believed that the coal-seam stretched. The purchase money for the pine-lands was only one dollar per acre, and of this only ten cents per acre had to be paid in cash down, the remainder being payable in instalments extending over several years. I pointed out that, quite apart from the coal, the timber on these lands would have repaid Charley handsomely. In this, however, as in all other matters, he preferred to follow his own view uninfluenced by anyone else.

The owners, when they came to our bedroom (I was still in bed), brought with them an agreement ready for Charley to sign. After reading it over carefully, he said it would not do at all, as, although he was advancing all the capital, he was not getting complete control. He made it quite clear that the future of the mine depended upon the capital provided to work it, and that it was essential that he should have full management.

Anyhow, after a prolonged argument, in which neither side would give way, the whole scheme fell through, and the owners left.

The mine afterwards, in other hands, proved a complete success, as it would have done if Charley had had his way.

In a couple of days I was able to walk well enough to get back to my plantation at West Point. On arriving there, my people were delighted to see us back again, as the rumour had got about that I had been killed.

We remained there for about two weeks, whilst I disposed of my cotton crop and gradually returned to health. We commenced to collect the evidence of witnesses with a view to taking an action for damages against the North and South Railway, which, however, the lawyers advised us was bankrupt. Finally, however, we decided to abandon the suit, at any rate for a time.

A Quarrel.

One day while we were at West Point, I took Charley to look at a house which I was building for a Mr. Joseph Field and his wife, who were farming part of my land. Mr. Field was at home, and Charley had a long chat with him about his experiences in America. Mr. Field, who was an Ulster Protestant, though his wife was a Catholic, came back with us to my place, and there made

some rather impertinent remarks about the house which I was building not being good enough for him. Charley lost his temper, and cried: "It is too good for you!" This led to angry words, and very nearly to blows, Charley having actually taken off his coat with the intention of thrashing Mr. Field, when I separated them. I may say that I always found Mr. Field a most respectable man, and got on very well with him.

The quarrel soon came to an end, as quickly as it had begun, and before we reached home perfect friendship had been restored, and we all had dinner together. Mr. Field ever after used to speak very highly of Charley, saying what wonderful piercing dark eyes he had.

We had a couple of days' shooting before leaving West Point, and, as Charley disliked so much the greasy Southern food, we took with us plenty of "Bob Whites," as partridges were called in that neighbourhood, ready-cooked, to eat on our journey to New York.

On the way we stopped at the Clover Hill coal-mines in Virginia. As our mother, our uncle Stewart, and Charley himself, owned a number of shares in that mine, he thought it was a good opportunity to break his journey and inspect it. The mine was reached by a branch from the main line, the train running at a high speed on wooden rails, which caused it to bump and sway as if it

was going to jump the track. This, in view of our recent accident, made Charley distinctly nervous, and we went and ate our cold partridges on the steps of the last car, so that we could jump off quickly if anything happened. I must say that the steps proved a very uncomfortable seat, especially as the train was swaying about so much, and we were several times nearly thrown off. However, Charley was still very much haunted by the negro's prediction.

On arriving at Clover Hill Station we called at the manager's house, and he came out and showed us all over the mines.

Charley went down in the cage of one of the principal shafts, and he told me afterwards that he had just as narrow an escape as he had had in the railroad smash, as while he was standing up in the cage, being slightly bent owing to his height, his head was very nearly cut off in one place during the descent by the projecting wall of the mine. This incident still further increased the superstitions which had grown upon him during the last few weeks.

When he came up, he described to me the geological formation of the mine. I had always been very interested in the study of geology, and on hearing his description I said: "That mine is no good; the coal in it will soon give out on account of its lying on the granite rock formation,—a very unusual circumstance." Charley

in the early days used to make fun of my geological knowledge, though he afterwards set to work to study it in earnest himself. In this case my judgment proved to be correct, for the mine in after-years turned out to be worthless.

We left Clover Hill and caught the train on the through line. In the same sleeper Charley met Mr. R. A. Lancaster, his and his uncle's Wall Street banker and broker, whom he knew very well, and they sat up most of the night talking finance.

A Threatened Arrest.

On arrival the next morning in New York, Charley, who had put up at the Jersey City Hotel, went to see Mr. Robinson, his attorney, as Mr. Lancaster had informed him in the train that he had been sued by a Wall Street sharper, who had heard that he had only just come over from Ireland, and had persuaded him, before going South, to contract for some shares in a bogus company. This man threatened to have him arrested in order to prevent him leaving for Ireland, but Charley, on Mr. Lancaster's advice, remained in Jersey City, where he could not be molested.

After spending Christmas quietly in Jersey City, we left for Ireland on the s.s. *City of Antwerp*, on New Year's Day, 1872. On the morning of our

departure I had to go over to New York City to transact some business for him, and only got to the vessel, after wading through the snow up to my knees, when the gangway was just about to be drawn up. I found Charley hanging over the rail in great excitement as to whether I was going to miss the boat.

CHAPTER VI

BACK TO EUROPE

THERE was little of special interest in the voyage, except one day when we were halfway across. The steamer stopped suddenly for some unexplained reason, though there was no heavy sea or wind at the time. I was walking about on deck, and came across Charley leaning over the rail and looking very uneasy. He asked me in a nervous manner: "John, what has happened?" I said I did not know, and in a moment or two the steamer started again.

On another occasion a heavy sea was running. I was playing chess below, while Charley was asleep on the seat beside me. The steamer suddenly gave an awful lurch, and seemed for a few instants on the point of turning turtle. Charley was pitched head first right over two tables, while I just managed to keep my balance, though the chess-board and men were scattered over the saloon. When the steamer righted herself, Charley got up, thoroughly awakened and considerably bruised.

Back in Ireland.

When we arrived off Queenstown, the weather was so bad that we could not land, and had to go on to Liverpool. We then crossed to Dublin and went straight down to Avondale. Charley expressed his vivid delight at being back home again, as he had never really enjoyed being in America.

Charley and I used to take a good many walking trips to Aughavannagh, where he became interested in the production of turf. Soon after we went to Paris, where our uncle Stewart often kept Charley up till two o'clock in the morning talking about American mortgages and bonds. Charley found the technical terms very confusing, but did his best to acquire a grip of American finance, as there was a probability that our uncle, who was then an old man, would leave him some of his property on his death.

We then went over to London, where our guardian, Sir Ralph Howard, sent over to ask us to come and see him at his hotel. He was a widower, and growing old and feeble, and particularly wanted to see me, as he had made me one of his heirs. We went round to call on him, and I remember being very nervous, as I wished to make a good impression on our uncle, and I knew that, after my rough life in America, my clothes

would be distinctly behind the London fashions. I went in to see him alone, and talked to him for some time about America. When I came out, Charley went in to see Sir Ralph, and unfortunately mentioned the fact that the railway accident had taken place in the Alabama coalfield, which rather prejudiced our uncle against investing his money there, and disturbing his existing investments in English mines.

Sir Ralph Howard took a great deal of interest in Charley's account of American mines and their great future. Thinking that he was doing me a good turn, he praised up my investments in land in Alabama more than they were justified, which unluckily, as events turned out, acted greatly to my disadvantage.

After our interview with Sir Ralph we went back to Avondale, where we saw a good deal of our sisters, Mrs. Dickinson and Mrs. McDermott, Captain Dickinson being the agent for my property in Armagh. I found, however, that Captain Dickinson had allowed the rents to fall considerably into arrears. He resigned his agency, and I set to work collecting the arrears myself. I experienced little trouble in getting in the rent on the first gale day, though after two years I gave up acting as my own agent, as I saw that the tenants could not possibly pay in a bad time, as it was difficult enough to get in the rents in comparatively good times.

It was thought that because I had in some instances to take proceedings against the tenants I was acting harshly, but I had to provide both for my sisters' annuities and the Trinity College head rent, which had also fallen into arrears, getting nothing for myself. My collecting, although I met with considerable success in it, certainly opened my eyes to the real condition of the tenant farmers, especially as at this time Mr. Butt was advocating his tenant-right principles.

We were down at Avondale for some considerable time, Charley taking a great interest in the timber, which by means of his sawmills he manufactured into various articles in order to provide for the growing demand which existed in America for Irish-made articles.

Our Guardian's Death.

Our mother and sisters, having left Paris, stopped for some time in London, where they frequently visited Sir Ralph Howard, who was in very bad health, and our mother finally spent several weeks with him. He gradually became worse, and one day at Avondale, as Charley and myself were walking about the demesne, we got a telegram from our mother saying that Sir Ralph Howard was dying, and that we must hurry over to London if we wished to see him while he was still living.

As the mail train had just left, we got a car to drive us at furious speed to Kingstown, where we arrived at the Carlisle pier just in time to catch the mail boat. We reached London early the next morning, and after breakfast with our mother and our sisters, Emily, Sophy, and Fanny, went over to Sir Ralph Howard's hotel in Belgrave Square. We found, to our regret, that he was unconscious, though he recovered sufficiently to recognize us and to smile at us, but was not able to speak.

He died a couple of hours after our arrival, and at the funeral Charley and Lord Claude Hamilton (afterwards the Duke of Abercorn) and myself were among the mourners.

When the will was read, it was found that he had not forgotten our family. He had left me what appeared to be a very considerable fortune, derived from his English mining investments, which brought my income to an almost equal amount to what Charley received from Avondale.

I might explain here the reason why my father left Avondale to Charley. Although I was the eldest son, my great-uncle and guardian, Sir Ralph Howard, had always told my father that he intended to leave me a considerable portion of his property, as under the terms of Colonel Hayes's will Avondale was always to pass to the second son. It was for that reason that, under my father's will, I was only left the comparatively unproductive estate in Armagh, burdened as it was, moreover, by

annuities to my sisters. The relations between my father and myself were always perfectly cordial, but he, naturally, did not wish to leave any of his sons unprovided for, and so left the Carlow property to Henry, as I was the prospective heir of Sir Ralph.

Sir Ralph had, however, probably owing to Charley's conversation with him, altered his will by a codicil, leaving me in the end only half the amount of his original bequest, amounting to about £4,000 a year, the other half being left to his cousin, Lord Claude Hamilton, owing to the increase in value of the investments since the will was made. However, he made me liable for all the calls on the shares.

After Sir Ralph Howard's death I received many congratulations on my good-fortune, and went over to Paris to visit my mother's brother, Mr. Charles Stewart, who had, however, left for Rome. While there he caught the Roman fever, against which he had previously warned Charley, and my mother was very anxious about his condition. She got telegrams daily as to his progress, but, seeing that he became gradually worse, determined to go over and nurse him herself. However, in spite of her devoted care, he died shortly afterwards.

Our uncle's will was opened a few days later, when we found that he had left all his large fortune in Southern railroad bonds and shares to our mother.

During our stay in Paris we assisted our mother to arrange her brother's affairs. According to the Continental custom, all his effects were sealed until our mother took out administrative papers. But Charley insisted that his late uncle was an American subject, and finally obtained relief from the complicated process of the Continental law. It was at this time that Charley met at the house of his sister (Mrs. Thompson) an American beauty, who fell violently in love with him, and to escape whose advances he hastened his return to Ireland, while I remained in Paris with my sister Fanny.

A Palmist's Prediction.

One day while in Paris, Fanny, who was always inclined towards spiritualism, asked me to come with her to see a lady palmist whom she had previously consulted. I went with her, and sat down while the palmist made a thorough examination of the lines of my hand. Both Fanny and myself were very much astonished at her reading from my hand more of Charley's character than my own, though she did not know my brother or even our name. She made what afterwards proved to be a correct forecast of Charley's future career in politics, and the high position to which he was ultimately to attain. To our dismay, however, she added, just when I was about to get up, that something dreadful was to happen to him if he was not

very careful. She did not say what the nature of this catastrophe would be.

Soon after this I returned to join Charley at Avondale, and, as I was now well off, took all the shooting of Aughavannagh, but did not lease the barracks themselves. Charley, Captain Dickinson, and myself, spent a couple of weeks down there grouse-shooting, and also got up a number of coursing matches with the neighbours.

In the meantime our mother had wound up her brother's affairs in Paris, and returned to Ireland to make arrangements to go to New York to see after the property in which our uncle was concerned over there.

Lord Carysfort, Charley, and myself, had a good deal of shooting together, and on one occasion Charley and I had a regular quarrel as to who had shot a particular bird at which we both fired at the same moment. I remember, when we arrived at Lord Carysfort's, the latter said: "Now that you have come home, you must remain here and take up your position in the county."

Those days during the latter end of 1873 we spent quietly in Wicklow, no one realizing the imperceptible trend of Charley's mind towards politics. There was no doubt, however, that the events which were occurring in Ireland occupied a considerable portion of his thoughts.

The country was at that time chiefly concerned with the tenant-right system, which then, however,

was only legally recognized in Ulster. Isaac Butt, whose defence of the Fenians arrested during the panic in 1867 had gained him considerable notoriety and support from all sections of the Irish party, had now assumed the leadership in the House of Commons. His policy, however, was that of a strictly constitutional campaign in favour of Irish rights. In theory this was the ideal course to take, but in practice it was of very little use. As Charley, with his keen insight into the main principles of politics, soon realized, once he had assimilated the atmosphere of the House of Commons, constitutional methods were simply beating time so far as Irish interests were concerned. Butt was thoroughly devoted to the Irish cause, and had an ultimate vision of Home Rule, but he was bound head to foot by the red tape of constitutionalism. Charley appreciated his intentions, but, as I shall show afterwards, put them in more practical form by the use of original methods.

Now that we are on the threshold of Charley's political career, I must explain to the best of my ability the motives and the influences which caused him to enter politics.

CHAPTER VII

CHARLEY'S ENTRANCE INTO POLITICS

Crossing the Rubicon.

How did my brother actually come to enter politics? That is a question which I have been often asked, but which I have always found it impossible to answer in a single sentence, or with any certainty as to the exact causes which compelled him to adopt a political career.

His actual decision was a sudden and even dramatic one.

It took place one night early in 1874, when Charley and I were dining with our sister Emily and her husband, Captain Dickinson, at their house at 22, Lower Pembroke Street, Dublin.

A Wager.

I remember the occasion vividly, for it followed on a humorous and somewhat trivial incident which was, however, illustrative of Charley's character.

He had come up from Cork that night, and, finding on his arrival at Kingsbridge that the time

of his engagement for dinner was very close, said to a jarvey at the station: "I'll give you half a crown if you get me to 22, Lower Pembroke Street by seven o'clock, or nothing at all if you are a minute after that." The man, after a moment's hesitation, accepted the terms of the wager, but he arrived at the Dickinsons' house a few minutes after seven, the time agreed upon, and was promptly told by Charley that he had lost the bet and would receive nothing.

The jarvey, however, being a poor sportsman, wished to win both ways, and demanded his fare, with many imprecations. Charley steadily refused to pay him, and left him exercising his lungs on the pavement. In this, as in after-years when transacting the more important business of politics, Charley, while always trying to get the best terms possible, believed that a bargain, once definitely struck, was inviolable, even if the other side had obtained the more favourable terms.

The conversation at the dinner itself was of a light nature, and was largely concerned with the discussion of Charley's affair with the jarvey.

Afterwards, however, it drifted into an argument as to tenant right and Butt's movement in general. Charley took little active part in the arguments advanced for either side.

The Die cast.

Suddenly, when we had discussed the situation from all points of view, Charley cried: "By Jove, John, it would be a grand opening for me to enter politics!"

This frank avowal by one who had always been so reticent as to his real views took our breath away for a moment. Then we all cried, carried away by the idea and the firm conviction of his words: "Yes, it would. It is a splendid opportunity."

Once his mind was made up, Charley never wasted time in words. Speechifying, even if absolutely necessary, he always abhorred, and his resolution once taken, his action followed as promptly as the thunder after lightning.

Accordingly, we had hardly had time to express our approval, when, without any other words of explanation, he went on to say, betraying no excitement: "John, will you and Dickinson come down with me to the *Freeman's* office?"

I excused myself, and he and Captain Dickinson set out at once (it was then just midnight) to see the editor of *Freeman's Journal*. I stayed behind with my sister, who insisted on waiting up till their return. We were both very excited, and the hours of waiting seemed interminable.

A Rebuff.

It was after 2 a.m. when they returned. Charley looked disheartened and annoyed. He had indeed met with a serious rebuff at the very outset of his political career.

At that time he was High Sheriff of Wicklow, and directly he told the editor of *Freeman's Journal* of his intention of standing for Parliament, the latter said that it would be impossible for him to do so, as his resignation from the High Shrievalty would have first to be tendered to, and be accepted by, the Lord Lieutenant.

Next morning Charley hurried off to present his resignation to the Lord Lieutenant, who said, however, that he could not accept it there and then, as certain formalities had to be complied with.

This did away with any chance of Charley contesting Wicklow at that election, as the other candidates were already in the field.

The delay, and what he conceived to be a slight on the part of the Lord Lieutenant, in not immediately accepting his resignation, and so setting him free to contest the seat, stung Charley deeply, and left him with a feeling of resentment against the English Government, which quickly became a rooted portion of his character.

INDOMITABLE.

However, he was not to be turned from his point once he had definitely decided upon a course of action. When a front movement failed, he was always ready with a new flank attack. So, when we were again assembled at dinner the next evening, I noticed that Charley was in real fighting form. He said little, and seemed to be turning things over carefully in his mind; but there was a light in his eyes which I knew well from the days of our boyish quarrels, and I waited patiently until he should arrive at a solution, as I felt assured he would sooner or later, of his present difficulty.

Emily, Captain Dickinson, and myself, were discussing Charley's position, trying to invent means of extricating him from his dilemma, when Charley suddenly lifted his head, and, looking straight at me, said: "John, we must run you."

I was thoroughly taken aback by the idea, which was quite new to me, and which I by no means welcomed. I pointed out that he, with his wealth and his Wicklow connection and influence, was the only one to have a chance; while I, owing to my property, was really more of an Armagh man, and was, besides, somewhat prejudiced in public opinion, because I had lived in America and carried on fruit-farming there. He brushed aside all my arguments, and I finally consented, rather

against my own judgment, but thinking that by doing so I might help Charley to enter politics—a course which I had already strongly urged him to take.

Immediately I had yielded my somewhat grudging consent, Charley took pen and ink and began to draw up my election address, to which I refer in the succeeding chapter. I was therefore launched in politics, but, what proved to be more important, it was Charley who launched me and who directed my course. For it was in the wake of my fruitless little Wicklow expedition in 1874 that he himself became drawn into the sea of politics.

I have said that I did my best to escape from an unsolicited and unprepared entry into public life. But from the moment he had said, "John, we must run you," I knew that his mind was made up, and that I must either follow the course which he had set for me, or break with him once for all. It was the manner of his after Parliamentary days, but it was already completely developed.

A Shrouded Growth.

How it developed, how Charley came to take any interest in politics at all, still more how he came so suddenly to show a complete mastery of them, is the mystery.

It is one which it is very hard to solve to any degree of satisfaction, as, in spite of my almost

constant intimacy with Charley during his early years, I have so little to go upon as regards things spoken, and as regards things written nothing at all.

Charley kept his own counsel even as a boy. As a man this trait developed to such an extent that it was only on very rare occasions that one caught a glimpse of the real man beneath the courteous but frigid exterior.

If anything can be said to have been the first impulse that directed Charley's attention towards politics, it was the American Civil War. This was a constant topic of discussion in our family circle, owing to our being American on our mother's side. Charley, as I have said, at first warmly espoused the cause of the North, as being that of anti-slavery, though during his visit to America his sympathies gradually veered towards the South, which he came to regard as the section actually fighting for freedom.

There is no doubt that the immense sacrifices made on behalf of liberty, which he often discussed with Mr. Harry King, Mr. Matt Hill, and other Americans with whom he came in contact, made a profound and lasting impression upon his mind.

Charley in Conversation.

But it must be remembered that then, as ever, he was always a questioner rather than an informant. He wanted to get every scrap of infor-

mation and every shade of opinion on any subject in which he took a real interest, but at the same time he did not like disclosing his own views, especially when they were, so to speak, in the melting-pot. Once he arrived at a definite opinion, he used to express it (and then only when he considered such an expression of opinion to be absolutely unavoidable) as clearly and in as few words as possible, giving no reasons, however, for his having arrived at that opinion.

As he gradually grew out of childhood, this reserve of Charley's became more and more accentuated. The greater portion of it was undoubtedly due to a mixture of nervousness and pride, resulting in a sort of shy repulsion towards allowing his inner thoughts and real nature to appear on the surface, to be at the mercy of the multitude. There was also, it must be owned, at times what appeared to be just a trace of affectation in this Sphinx-like attitude towards the world in general.

The Wink of the Sphinx.

I remember meeting Charley, when he was in the height of his glory, one day in Kildare Street. I had only just returned from one of my trips to America, and had that morning seen him at Morrison's Hotel. I was expecting to meet him at Harcourt Street Station in the evening, and to

go down with him to Avondale. We were going in opposite directions, and passed on the same pavement, almost touching one another. Charley, however, showed not the slightest sign of recognition until we were almost side by side; then he just winked the eye nearest to me.

It was no sign of boisterous jollity or facetious slyness, such as the dropping of the eyelid generally betokens. Charley simply wished to show that he had seen and recognized me, but did not wish to disturb his demeanour of perfect composure and aloofness. And how great an asset that aloofness was perhaps he himself only knew. It was not only an armour against the English; it was a robe that attracted the loyalty, and even the wild enthusiasm, of his own countrymen, while at the same time repelling their intimacy.

So it can easily be understood that Charley's mind could not be read as a book. It was only a stray straw that gave an indication—often not more than a suspicion—of the way the wind was blowing.

If the American Civil War may be said to have first aroused Charley's interest in politics, it was certainly the Fenian outbreak that concentrated that interest on Irish affairs. With the Fenian doctrine itself, and especially with the Fenian methods, he was never really in sympathy, though he used the great power of that well-organized body to effect his own ends, or, rather, to further

that policy which he believed to be more beneficial to his country as a whole.

His loyalty to the Throne was above suspicion, though he always treated the English as open enemies, and regarded their politicians with the utmost suspicion. Our mother, though American to the core, a burning enthusiast in the cause of Irish liberty, and possessed of an inveterate hatred of England—against which country her famous father, Commodore Stewart, had so often waged battle with conspicuous success on the high seas—yet always instilled into her children the principles of personal loyalty to their Sovereign, which she held not to be inconsistent with individual liberty.

A Mother's Advice.

Here are some extracts from one of her letters to me when I was a Member of Parliament, containing an exhortation which she must often have addressed to Charley as well during his lifetime. It shows her loyalty towards Queen Victoria, her dislike (at that time) of the extremists, and her sympathy with the Irish peasantry:

> How the Queen must despise low, mean, mischief-making extremists! They get money by rousing passions and exaggerating aims. If they succeed, rebellion and anarchy will run riot in Europe. . . .
>
> The well-off people are making misery in

Ireland. Do not let the poorer be exasperated. Say a word if you can. Have the poorer protected.

Ireland seems to have more manufactories. Get them stimulated and protected; young factories need protection. My father and your brother thought this.

The Queen is wise and good; find out her opinions. Her Ministers are not infallible.

In another letter she urges me to attend the levees and other Court functions.

But if the cause of the Fenians did not enlist Charley's sympathies, the support which they received made him consider the abuses and distress which existed in his own country, which he saw more and more in their naked hideousness as he went about among his tenants on the Avondale estate.

The Manchester Executions.

It was the Manchester executions in 1867, however, that made the most marked impression on him. He vehemently declared that the killing of Sergeant Brett was no premeditated murder, but an accident—a declaration that he repeated with even more force to a startled House of Commons in 1875, when Sir Michael Hicks-Beach referred to those who perished on the scaffold as "murderers."

About this time I often used to find him at

Avondale crouching over one of his beloved wood fires, deep in thought and crooning over to himself snatches of the "Wearing of the Green."

Although loyal, as I have said, he bitterly resented the raid made on our house in Temple Street during the Fenian outbreak, and the removal of our swords and uniforms. Jest though he did, that and the supercilious way he was treated by the officers at the Castle, as, if not actually a Fenian, at any rate a sympathizer with the Irish cause, certainly fanned his dislike of England, inherited as it was through his mother, to a flame of concentrated enmity.

"Had we never met and never parted."

Two influences nearly caused him to settle down for good in private life. One was his engagement to Miss Woods, which, had it turned out as he expected, would have meant his living a contented and comfortable life at Avondale, on the Continent, or in America. His jilting undoubtedly helped to drive his energies into politics, for he was deeply hurt at the idea of being considered simply a country gentleman without any special abilities.

The other was his interest in American mines. If he had taken more kindly to American life, and had not been so much upset by the railway acci-

dent, he might have died a wealthy but unremembered American mining magnate.

Commerce, especially in the direction of mining, always had a special fascination for him, and might at any time have proved a profitable career had not the still stronger fascination of politics predominated.

On his return to Ireland, he found Butt's tenant-right campaign in full swing, and studied it closely in the newspapers of all shades of opinions, though his comments were few and far between.

One day when he was standing in front of the fire at Avondale, I said to him: "Why don't you take up this tenant-right business of Butt's and enter Parliament?" I had just then gained considerable insight into the tenant-right system through acting as my own agent on my Armagh estate, and had been arguing with Charley as to the desirability of extending the system throughout Ireland.

He replied curtly: "I could not, because I would not join that set." His pride, in other words, prevented him moving with the Home Rulers of that time, because they were beneath him in station. That feeling he had apparently subdued sufficiently by the time of the dinner-party in 1874 for him, at least, to consent to mix with the Nationalist party. But to the end of his career he was never intimate with the members of his party, however closely he might be brought into

contact with them in the rtansaction of political business. He was always a man apart, and in his isolation lay his strength.

His Character—by his Mother.

With regard to this and other traits of his character, I do not think I can do better than quote a letter from our mother, in which she expresses, with her customary directness, her opinion of Charley and his political associates. After saying that Charley offended Gladstone owing to his independence, and after referring to the Irish leaders as being of little account, she says:

> Your brother is the only gentleman in the whole set—so high-principled, so strictly delicate and correct-minded. I swear by him. Hear all the Billingsgate of some of the others. Your brother never called one of them by any fool-names. He only told facts, and only called Davitt a political jackdaw.
>
> He is a close follower of Biblical morality. . . . I swear by his strong and scrupulous morality, and even spirituality. What a good, benevolent, unselfish, self-respecting man he has been!
>
> That is enough for me. I wonder what Gladstone sinned in when a young man.
>
> Ever your fond mother,
>
> Delia T. S. Parnell.

CHAPTER VIII

FIRST BLOOD

The Wicklow Election.

I consider the Wicklow election, as I have indicated in the last chapter, to be Charley's first entrance into politics, though, as High Sheriff of Wicklow, he was supposed to occupy a neutral position.

It was he, however, who, as I have said, drew up my election address, sitting opposite to me at Captain Dickinson's dining-table. It was his first printed political utterance, and, with the exception of a few slight alterations which I suggested to him, is entirely the voicing of his own opinions at that time. As such, I think it deserves quoting in full. It runs as follows:

To the Electors of the County Wicklow.

Gentlemen,

Believing that the time has arrived for all true Irishmen to unite in the spontaneous demand for justice from England that is now convulsing the country, I have determined to

offer myself for the honour of representing you in Parliament.

The principles for which my ancestor, Sir John Parnell, then Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, refused the peerage from an English Government are still mine, and the cause of Repeal of the Union under its new name of Home Rule will always find in me a firm and honest supporter.

My experience of the working of the Ulster system of Land Tenure in the North convinces me that there is no other remedy for the unfortunate relations existing between landlord and tenant in other parts of Ireland than the legalization through the whole of the country of the Ulster Tenant Right, which is practically Fixity of Tenure, or some equivalent or extension of a custom which has so increased the prosperity of the thriving North.

A residence for several years in America, where Religious and Secular Education are combined, has assured me that the attempt to deprive the youth of the country of spiritual instruction must be put down, and I shall give my support to the Denominational System in connection both with the University and Primary branches.

Owing to the great tranquillity of the Country, I think it would now be a graceful act to extend the Clemency of the Crown to the remaining Political Prisoners.

My grandfather and uncle represented this County for many years, and as you have experienced their trustworthiness, so I also hope you will believe in mine.

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours truly,
JOHN HOWARD PARNELL.

We were rather behindhand, as the other candidates had already issued their election addresses and started canvassing.

A STUMP SPEECH.

However, nothing daunted, Charley set off by the morning train to Rathdrum to show the people we were really in earnest. He had been regarded in many quarters, owing to his position, as a stanch Conservative, and his appearance as the supporter of a Nationalist candidate aroused considerable suspicion.

When he arrived it was fair-day, and, after looking round the market-place and finding the farmers eyeing him very curiously, he suddenly mounted a big beer-barrel, in the midst of the cattle and sheep, and addressed the astonished crowd.

His speech, I believe, though delivered with some of the hesitation due to its being a maiden one, was a spirited and telling one. Probably,

however, if it had not been for the strong support which the Parish Priest of Rathdrum, Father Galvin (whom I have already mentioned in connection with our American trip), had exercised among the clergy, he might have met with a hostile reception. Father Galvin, however, had from the outset warmly supported my candidature, though he knew very well that it was Charley who was at the bottom of the whole affair.

When I arrived by the evening train (as Charley had wired me to do, even telling me if I was late to take a special engine) I learned that Father Galvin had telegraphed to the Arklow priests to come down to the station to meet me, and I found to my surprise that, when I stepped out of the train, the platform was crowded with priests, most of whom did not know either Charley or myself.

Headed by the band and escorted by the priests, I proceeded, accompanied by a large crowd, to Father Galvin's house. We afterwards had a round-table conference, where I was enthusiastically welcomed as the candidate for Wicklow.

Next day Charley set off for Hacketstown and West Wicklow canvassing for me, but met with a very mixed reception. When he returned, he told me that I could not count on much support from that side of the county, as they appeared on the whole to be likely to vote for the landlords. He came to my bedside one night, after I had been

engaged in a hard day's work writing circulars, and said to me jokingly when I woke up: "John, what are you kicking up such a row about?" I told him that it was not myself, but he, who was kicking up the row, and said: "You are right to do so."

I was duly nominated by Charley, as well as by a number of other Nationalists, and was carried round on the shoulders of the people. He told me after the election that he had even voted for me, but his vote was not allowed.

I attributed a great deal of the antagonism shown towards me to the fact that I was the first to import frozen fruit from America to Ireland, which was followed by the importation of frozen meat, which local farmers thought would greatly injure their trade. To be American, in fact, was at that time considered a great reproach in Ireland amongst the agricultural classes.

When Charley, as High Sheriff, announced the figures of the election, I found myself at the bottom of the poll; but, considering all the circumstances, I, or rather we, had made a good fight.

A Fight for Dublin.

Defeat, as ever, only whetted Charley's ambition to succeed in the end. He had not long to wait. In 1874, Colonel Taylor, who was one of the Members for Dublin County, had to seek re-

election owing to his having been appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Charley had by then become recognized as a promising member of the Home Rule League, and they decided to put him up to make a good fight for what, however, the most sanguine considered to be a hopeless chance.

After my defeat in Wicklow I had been over to America to see about my mother's affairs. What was known as the Black Friday Panic suddenly swept over the stock markets in New York when we were trying to realize our uncle's property, and the greater portion of the fine fortune left to my mother was lost.

On my return to England, I was present at the Rotunda when Charley delivered his first public speech as a candidate for Dublin. It had been carefully thought out and written down on paper at Mrs. Dickinson's, in the top bedroom which he occupied there. The memorizing of it occupied him during a whole sleepless night, and when he appeared at breakfast he seemed very tired. I may mention that it was Charley's invariable habit to think out his plans in detail while in bed at night.

When he delivered his speech I was standing close by him. After a few sentences he stopped suddenly, apparently trying to recall a word which he had forgotten. He was not nervous, although the audience was. He seemed to search

his brain deliberately for the missing word, disregarding all attempts on the part of friends to prompt him. When he had found it, we all realized that it was the only word to be fitly used in that connection. These pauses occurred several times during his speech, and no doubt gave rise to the impression among certain critics that he would never succeed as a public speaker. The whole-hearted applause of the audience, however, showed that, whatever the manner of his delivery, the matter of his speech had impressed itself on their minds.

His defeat did him no harm. As a matter of fact, by showing his dogged perseverance, it gained him yet more ground with his party, and he became a man to be estimated by them and feared by their opponents.

Elected at Last.

Then came his real chance. John Martin, one of the Members for Meath, died in March, 1875, and Charley was adopted as the official Nationalist candidate. He was opposed by an independent Home Ruler and a Tory. He was, however, returned at the head of the poll in April, 1876, and his success was followed by his being carried round a bonfire in the market square of Trim.

The election was practically the result of an animated interview which he had with the Bishop,

after which the support of the clergy was assured. The Bishop at first was prejudiced against him, as Charley afterwards told me; but my brother's arguments were so convincing, and his personal charm of manner so great, that he succeeded in winning the Bishop's support, and this made his election certain.

CHAPTER IX

IN PARLIAMENT

Taking his Seat.

Introduced by Captain Nolan, the Member for Galway, who was afterwards to prove a devoted adherent of his, and Mr. Ennis, the senior Member for Meath, my brother took his seat in the House of Commons on April 22, 1875. His policy in the House during the first session was characteristic of the man. He set himself to work to absorb impressions, to study the characters of his fellow-members, and to learn the complicated rules of procedure. He therefore made no attempt to startle the House with an ambitious maiden speech.

A brief utterance of his, however, delivered four days after his entrance into the House, was sufficient to concentrate attention upon him, both among his fellow-members and the American and Irish sympathizers with the Nationalist cause. In opposing in Committee a Bill for the preservation of peace in Ireland, he said that "in the neglect of the principles of self-government lay the root of all Irish trouble," adding that "Ireland is not a geographical fragment, but a nation."

During the rest of the session he is recorded by Hansard to have spoken on fourteen occasions, but his remarks were brief and business-like, and attracted no special attention except to establish an opinion that when he spoke he spoke to the point.

There were fifty-nine Home Rulers in the House at the time when Charley entered it. He appears to have listened carefully to their speeches in order to arrive at a separate estimate of each man. As a whole, he soon arrived at the opinion that the Irish party simply devoted themselves to supporting measures favourable to Irish interests. It did not take him long to realize that this policy of itself would effect little. The Irish party and its aims were held of little account by both the great English parties, and any measures introduced by them received the scantiest consideration. Their leader, Mr. Isaac Butt, refused to budge an inch from constitutional methods of warfare. I know that at that time both Charley and myself agreed that Butt was, if not too weak a man, at any rate too unenterprising to be the leader of what then appeared to be a forlorn hope.

With his invariable resolve never to be beaten, Charley set himself to work silently but steadily to find a way out. For this purpose he looked round for a new policy, or rather a new plan of campaign and a fitting exponent of it.

Mr. Biggar.

He found both the policy and the man in Joseph Biggar. While the other members of the Irish party were content to be suppressed by force of numbers and by their obedience to the recognized rules of the political game, Biggar adopted an entirely independent attitude. He hated the English parties, despised the rules of the House, and feared nobody.

As a speaker he was hopeless. His so-called "speeches" consisted of short, abrupt sentences, or often parts of sentences, with no connected, and certainly no original, idea running through them, and helped out, when words and ideas failed him, as they did repeatedly, by copious extracts from Blue Books, White Papers, and other documents, which earned him the well-deserved hatred of a long-suffering House. Hatred, however, on the part of the English members was Biggar's highest idea of glory. To realize that he had kept his fellow-members from their social engagements, and even their beds, was a triumph for him. In appearance he was a stout, good-humoured-looking man, with a round, bespectacled face and the general appearance of a prosperous tradesman.

Force of Example.

Although Biggar was treated with some contempt, even by the members of his own party,

Charley soon realized that he had inaugurated an entirely new system of political warfare, which in more capable hands might be turned to good account.

Charley accordingly set to work as unostentatiously as possible to master the rules of the House, and to derive from his fellow-members scraps of information as to the value of questions to Ministers, interjections, and other means by which a private member, even in the face of an overwhelming majority, could assert his own identity. But he did not attempt to put his principles into practice until he had thoroughly mastered his subject. He gradually trained himself by means of short speeches, formal motions, and questions, to overcome the diffidence and hesitation which he originally felt in making a public speech. At the same time he gradually acquired a sense, for which he was so much noted in later years, of attuning himself to the House of Commons, and becoming by degrees one of those few members whose every word, on however slight a subject, was listened to with attention.

It was not until the session of 1876 that he definitely decided to make the power of the Irish party felt by clogging the political machine, which until then, by a sort of tacit consent, had run with perfect smoothness, throwing out Irish Bills with automatic regularity. Charley, however, determined that henceforward not only would it be

hard work for whatever government was in power to reject an Irish Bill, but that even English measures would be checked at every possible stage. He did not, however, definitely open his campaign of obstruction until after paying a visit to America in company with Mr. O'Connor Power, to deliver an address on the part of the more extreme Nationalists, to President Grant, on the occasion of the centenary of American Independence.

Before he went to America he made a short utterance which, whether designed to that effect or not, certainly fixed upon him the attention of the Fenians, and went a long way to assure him of their future support.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach (afterwards Lord St. Aldwyn), who was then Chief Secretary for Ireland, referred, in a speech on Home Rule, to the Fenian outbreak at Manchester, describing the three men who had been executed as the "Manchester murderers."

Charley interjected "No, no!" which caused Sir Michael Hicks-Beach to exclaim, amidst the cheers and groans of the united English parties: "I regret to hear that there is an hon. member in this House who will apologize for murder."

My brother rose, I am told, with a deadly white face and blazing eyes, and said in a low voice, but in accents which were heard throughout the House: "I wish to say, as publicly and directly as I can, that I do not believe, and I never

shall believe, that any murder was committed at Manchester."

Sir Michael did not reply, but continued his speech, and the cheers with which Charley was welcomed by his Irish colleagues showed that he had scored his first striking victory.

In America.

When he came over to the United States in October, 1876, to present the Nationalist address to General Grant, I was in New York at the time, staying with my mother and my sister Fanny at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Charley, after spending an hour with us, set off with Mr. Power to see General Grant, who was then in New York. The President received them cordially, but said that he could not officially accept the address, which had for its real purpose the attaining of some recognition, by America, of Ireland as a separate nation, without its being presented through the usual diplomatic channel, the British Ambassador, a course which they declined to take.

Charley, after his brief interview with the President, seemed to think it hopeless to expect anything more than polite answers and evasions, and accordingly returned to me, leaving Mr. Power to continue the negotiations. He seemed, when I saw him, to be annoyed with the attitude adopted by the President, and referred to him as a "vulgar old dog."

Charley, Fanny, and myself, then went over to Philadelphia to see the Exhibition which was being held there in connection with the centenary of American Independence. We stopped at an hotel in Chesnut Street, and spent several days at the Exhibition and one night at the theatre, Charley appearing to be distinctly glad of the relaxation after what must have been his strenuous though secret efforts in Parliament.

Whilst at the Exhibition he spent most of his time in the Machinery Hall, where he took special interest in the stone-cutting machinery, which he purposed using at his Avondale quarries. He also devoted a great deal of attention to the railroad bridge models, and also to models of road bridges in general. He stopped for some time before a model of a suspension bridge very closely resembling that over the Warrior River, which he had seen on his last visit to Alabama. Here, again, what attracted him was not so much the bridge itself as the design of the roofing, which he wished to adapt for his sawmills and cattle-sheds at Avondale. I took him with me to that Fruit Hall, and explained to him my system of transporting frozen peaches by rail. This idea, which was my own invention, consisted of a barrel with a partition for ice on top, which could be rolled anywhere without damaging the fruit inside. As my peaches, when sent by these means, always arrived in first-

rate condition, the idea attracted considerable attention in the fruit world.

After the Philadelphia Exhibition, Charley went down to Virginia to pay another visit to the Clover Hill coal-mine. He wanted me to go with him, but our sister, Mrs. Thompson, objected, as she said that if the two of us went together there was certain to be a railway accident. He therefore went alone to the Clover Hill mines, but did not seem impressed with them as an investment.

Shortly after this he returned to England, leaving Mr. O'Connor Power behind. Immediately on his arrival at Liverpool he delivered a stirring speech on the future of Home Rule, and the prejudice towards Ireland which existed in England. He said that he had been greatly impressed during his American visit by seeing in New York a review in which six thousand militia took part. He referred to the benefit which a force on those lines would be to Ireland under Home Rule. While it would be used to protect the interests of Ireland as an independent nation, there would be no danger of its being used against England or any other part of the British Empire, as so many of the opponents of Irish political liberty always alleged would be the case.

CHAPTER X

OBSTRUCTION

A Start in Earnest.

From 1877 onwards Charley openly pursued his policy of obstruction, aided by Biggar, Captain Nolan, and the rapidly growing section of the Irish party. The official leader, Mr. Butt, was placed in a very awkward position. He did not wish to adopt, or even to countenance, the system of obstruction, but neither did he wish definitely to set his face against it, and, by attempting to coerce the more extreme members of his party, cause a definite split in their ranks. His passive attitude, however, did much to lose him ultimately the leadership, and to build up Charley's undoubted claims to that position.

Charley first devoted his attention to a series of English Bills, of which the Prisons Bill and the Marine Mutiny Bill were the principal measures. He, however, did not adopt the obvious course of simply opposing these Bills section by section, but brought forward many amendments which were distinct improvements on the measures in the form in which they were introduced. It was due in a

very large degree to his amendments that the practice of flogging in the army and navy was finally abolished.

When the Government attempted to pass the clauses of the Mutiny Bill in large batches, Charley insisted that they should be taken separately, much to the disgust of the English members, who saw in them little to discuss. Finally, when the temper of the House had risen to fever-heat, Butt came in, and in a speech which expressed his unchangeable belief in constitutional methods, and at the same time his weakness as a leader, deplored the system of obstruction, and disowned any responsibility for Charley's action. This speech, which was met with loud applause from the English members on both sides of the House, did Butt irreparable damage among his own party, and especially aroused the indignation of the Irish in America, who became more determined than ever to support Charley. A correspondence between Charley and Butt followed, but only served to widen the breach, as Charley claimed under the terms of his party pledge to have full independence of action except with regard to Irish measures.

On July 2, 1877, Charley kept the House sitting from 4 p.m. to 7.15 a.m. on the vote for the Army Reserve. This system of obstruction, of which the foregoing was only a typical instance, exasperated the English members to such a degree that they naturally sought means of retaliation. New rules

were brought in on July 27 by Sir Stafford Northcote, who proposed that if a member was twice declared out of order he should be suspended, and that motions to report progress and to like effect could only be moved once by each member during a debate.

These rules, of course, were carried by an immense majority, although Charley made a spirited defence of his action.

A Record Sitting.

Hardly had these rules come into force, when a determined effort was made to nullify them. The South African Bill was being discussed, and Charley had repeatedly to be called to order; but his followers kept on rising with motions to report progress and every other imaginable device for delay, until the House was beside itself with irritation. The sitting was dragged on through the early hours of the morning, in spite of a denouncement of the obstructionists' method by Butt, and even an appeal from the Chancellor of the Exchequer for some consideration on the part of the minority. Charley's little army took turns for rest, and finally the House adjourned at two o'clock the next afternoon, after a sitting lasting for twenty-six hours on end, which constituted a record.

At the meetings held outside the House, and

particularly in Dublin, my brother's methods were warmly supported, and he declared his full intention of continuing them until a proper consideration was given to Irish measures.

It was about this time that Charley entered into a close though informal alliance with the Fenians. I happened to be visiting Mr. Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World,* at his house in Brooklyn, some time after the compact between Charley and the Fenians became recognized by the mass of the members of the Clan-na-Gael, although not by the leaders. Mr. Ford, who was sitting by me on the sofa, said: " I don't believe in your brother's constitutional policy, but we will give him a chance."

In 1878 a Home Rule Conference was held in Dublin, which proved an important turning-point in Charley's career. He had already been elected President of the newly-formed Home Rule League, and on this occasion both Butt and himself announced their respective policies so clearly that it was obvious that a hopeless split had occurred. Butt, moreover, was rapidly breaking down in health, and evidently felt his position keenly. Their last public encounter occurred at a meeting held in Dublin on February 5, 1879; a resolution in favour of Butt was carried by a small majority, but three months later he died.

His successor was Mr. William Shaw, a compromise between the two parties, though it was

already felt that Charley's leadership was not far deferred.

In the meantime obstruction had been rampant in the House, and it is notable that in opposing the Government Army Bill, which still permitted flogging to be employed for certain offences, Charley had among his supporters Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

The Land League.

In 1878 Mr. Michael Davitt, who had been released on ticket-of-leave after serving nearly half of his sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude for treason-felony, came over to America to see his mother at Philadelphia. I met Davitt in New York before his departure for Ireland, and my mother gave him some messages to convey across the water to Charley. From the few conversations we had, it appeared that Davitt's ideas were altogether on the same lines as Charley's with regard to the land question and the policy of establishing a peasant proprietary, and they also agreed that nothing could be accomplished in Parliament without adopting the most aggressive measures.

On his return to Ireland, Davitt and Charley co-operated with regard to the land agitation.

At this time the Land League was also spreading in Ireland, and my sister Fanny became the

President of the Ladies' Land League in America, of which body my mother was also an enthusiastic supporter. I also attended many meetings of the League, but was not impressed at that time with the interest shown by the American Irish in their own country.

The Clan-na-Gael, which was the Irish branch of the Fenian movement, were doing their best at this time to enrol Charley in their branch; but though he was in close correspondence with them, and had many meetings with their supporters in Ireland, he never definitely committed himself to their policy. Still, at that time they quite recognized that he was the only possible leader of the Irish party in Parliament, while he on his part knew that he could not get on without their support.

Charley at this period was largely engaged in setting to work the great organization of the Land League, meetings being held and branches formed in the towns and villages throughout Ireland. The agrarian agitation was, in fact, at its height, and rents were intolerably high and evictions of daily occurrence. I think, however, that the landlords themselves were not so much to blame as their agents. Charley himself was a popular and considerate landlord, thoroughly understanding the condition of his tenants, though they very often took advantage of his good-nature and not only did not pay their rents,

but almost denuded his Aughavannagh shooting of game.

Still, it must be remembered that Ireland was at this time under the shadow of the great famine of 1879-80, when the payment of rents was literally impossible, and actual starvation prevailed to a horrible degree.

CHAPTER XI

A TRIUMPHAL TOUR

An Appeal to America.

On December 21, 1880, Charley and Mr. Dillon left Ireland for New York to appeal, on behalf of the Irish people, for funds to relieve the distress caused by the great famine of 1879-80, and to enlist the sympathy of the American people, and specially of the American Irish, in favour of the land campaign.

I was in America at the time, and knew pretty well the circumstances and causes of Irish distress and the great need for Home Rule. The Irish question, to a certain extent, had already been discussed pretty well throughout the United States; but it was not fully taken up until Charley and Mr. Dillon came over and explained matters. If they had not visited America, the people there would never have taken more than a passive interest in the distress existing in Ireland, owing to their ignorance of its extent and the best way to remedy it.

The first meeting was held in the New York Stock Exchange, where they were, as a special

compliment on the part of the committee of the Exchange, allowed to deliver an address to the members. The brokers, as I was told afterwards by one of them—Mr. Petty, an intimate friend of our family—were prepared to give Charley and Mr. Dillon either a hostile or a hospitable reception, according to their opinion of the speeches delivered. On the whole, the impression among them before the arrival of Charley and Mr. Dillon was that they were a couple of adventurers parading the Irish cause for their own profit. They had never before seen, or probably heard of, such a thing as an Irish landlord taking up the cause of the Irish peasantry. However, they decided to allow Charley and Mr. Dillon a fair hearing, although, if they considered their speeches objectionable, they intended to pelt them out of the Exchange—so, at least, I was told by a number of brokers whom I met.

On the appearance of the two speakers, the assembled brokers were so greatly surprised at their quiet manner, and earnest and candid way of talking, that, instead of a hostile reception, they accorded them a most enthusiastic one, and after the speeches were over the two orators found themselves the heroes of the occasion.

The whole of New York after this went mad over the Irish cause, and the ambassadors of Home Rule were cordially received by all grades of society. Among the principal functions was

a grand reception given to them at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where our mother welcomed her darling son with natural pleasure in the hour of his triumph. Large numbers of Irish and native Americans were present at the reception, and overwhelmed my brother with congratulations and promises of support. From New York they travelled night and day for about two months, visiting all the great cities, and covering a distance by rail of over 1,600 miles. I was in the South at the time, but our mother when we met gave me a vivid description of all that had happened. Charley had written to me saying that he intended coming down to Atlanta, Georgia, where we were preparing a great reception for them. Such were the numbers of invitations, however, which he received from all parts of America and Canada that he had to write and cancel the engagement, though he said he wished very much to see me during his stay in America. His hurried return, owing to the dissolution of Parliament, prevented him, however, from doing so.

After leaving New York he went to Brooklyn, where he made a great speech. During the course of it he said:

> We have come here to try and help our poor people, who are actually starving. They want to get the land of Ireland to prevent these yearly occurrences, and I will help them, so that they will not come here again

> asking for help. If the Irish farmers, especially the small ones, who are so badly hit in these bad times, owned their own lands, there would not be famines. Therefore we ask you to support the constitutional methods which our party has inaugurated. We do not ask you to send armed expeditions over to Ireland, but we ask you to help us in preventing the people who have taken our advice, and who are exhibiting an attitude of devotion which has never been surpassed, from being starved to death.

That was a typical exposition of his policy as delivered from platform after platform during his tour. Here are a few other striking sentences from other speeches: "I feel confident that we shall kill the Irish landlord system; and when we have given Ireland to the people of Ireland, we shall have laid the foundation upon which to build up our Irish nation." "I am bound to admit that it is the duty of every Irishman to shed the last drop of his blood in order to obtain his rights, if there were a probable chance of success. Yet at the same time we all recognize the great responsibility of hurling our unarmed people on the points of British bayonets."

His progress through the Western cities met with unfailing enthusiasm. Not only the American Irish came in their thousands to cheer him, but also the Americans, and, strange to say, the

English. While Charley was on his lightning tour, I was present at the great meeting at Atlanta, Georgia, at which Mr. P. J. Moran, the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, was chairman. The house was packed with Irish, Americans, and English; but throughout the speeches there was not a word of dissent uttered by the large and mixed audience. I made my first speech there on behalf of my brother's cause.

After the United States, Charley visited Canada with Mr. Healy (who had come over from Ireland to join him during his tour). The Bishop of Toronto, hearing of Charley's approaching visit, wrote a letter imploring him not to come, as he was afraid of violent measures being adopted by the Orangemen of Canada. Charley, however, relying upon the fact that he was a Protestant, and that the main object of his visit was to collect money on behalf of his starving fellow-countrymen, anticipated no trouble from the Orangemen, and decided to disregard the Bishop's warning, in which, as matters turned out, he was quite justified.

Our mother and Fanny, who were in New York, advised him at first not to go; but when they found that his mind was firmly made up, they wished very much to accompany him. This, however, Charley refused to hear of, as he did not think that they could stand the long and hurried railway journey. Directly he arrived in Canada, his first act was to

send his mother a reassuring telegram, knowing that she would be intensely anxious during his absence.

They had big meetings in Toronto and Montreal, where immense enthusiasm was shown by everyone, Charley telling me afterwards that the Orangemen not only listened to him, but often applauded.

His Canadian tour was suddenly cut short owing to the unexpected dissolution of Parliament. He had to hurry back to New York to catch the boat to Ireland, having during his short visit collected over $200,000 (£40,000). An example of the spirit in which donations were made was told to me afterwards by Charley. After he had made a vigorous speech at one of the large American cities, describing the awful results of the famine, and urging Home Rule as the only possible remedy, a man came up to him and handed him notes for $30, saying: "That's five dollars for bread, and twenty-five for lead."

Finesse and the Fenians.

Although Charley's tour proved to be such a huge success, he might almost have been said to have landed in a hostile country. Although he had to a great extent gained the confidence of the rank and file of the Fenians, both in Ireland and America, neither he nor his policy was looked

upon with any great favour by the executive of the Clan-na-Gael, the American Fenian organization. From the moment he landed he was in negotiation with the leaders. His position was a very difficult one, as, then as ever, he did not wish to subscribe to the full programme of the Clan-na-Gael, which would have considerably hampered his freedom, and prevented his being, as he practically was even then, the absolute leader of the Irish Nationalist party. Constitutional methods, embellished of course by obstruction, were, in his opinion, the best and quickest method of securing justice for Ireland. He did not deny that, if that course failed, it might be necessary tohave to resort to armed force. But he never came to a point where he actually considered violence to be inevitable. The Fenian idea of putting violence before constitutional warfare never met with his approval. He disliked and even despised it, as being certain to alienate public sympathy, and at the same time as being extremely unlikely to effect its own object. Still, if he disliked Fenianism, and declined to commit himself to its principles, he was bound at that stage of his career to keep on good terms with the Clan-na-Gael as a body, on account of its large membership and perfect organization.

The leaders of the Clan-na-Gael were, like the Irish Fenians, greatly impressed by Charley's cold manner, and the way in which, though he was

ready to meet and discuss matters with them, he never openly courted their support.

That was pretty well the attitude which the Clan-na-Gael adopted when once they had seen Charley at close quarters. A few of the more extreme among the extremists, however, refused to have anything to do with one tarred with the brush of constitutionalism—a fact to which he owed his hostile reception at Enniscorthy on his return home.

Before leaving America, Charley organized a branch of the Land League. In spite of his hurried return, the American Land League, as this body was known, was pushed forward with the greatest speed, monster meetings being held throughout the States to collect funds and spread the principles of the organization. Our mother, Fanny, Miss Ford (a sister of Patrick Ford), and myself, attended all the principal meetings in and around New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. Fanny was very busy in those days organizing the Ladies' Land League, of which she was President. Friction often occurred, but Fanny was popular and kept a cool head, and so managed to preserve very good order at her meetings, which I often attended. One day, greatly to her disgust, an incident occurred at Providence, Rhode Island. She was in a house where there were a number of people, including some priests, who did not know her, but who started a lively discussion

as to Fanny and Charley Parnell. From the tone they adopted, they belonged to the extreme section of Mr. Patrick Ford's party, and were therefore bitter opponents of our mere constitutional methods. The result was that Fanny heard some very nasty remarks made about both our brother and herself, and went away very angry and annoyed at this want of appreciation of their efforts for the Irish cause. Such instances were, I am glad to say, very uncommon.

Of the success of Charley's visit to America and of its lasting influence on his career there can be no doubt, and it was, I know, terribly galling to him to have to cut it short so abruptly. But he fully realized the importance of the General Election which was just about to take place.

CHAPTER XII

LEADER AT LAST

A Prophet in his Own Country.

Directly he arrived back in Ireland, Charley found himself at once in the thick of things. As I have said, in spite of the Clan-na-Gael as a body being the reverse of hostile towards him, a certain section of the executive was firmly opposed to his constitutional policy. When he stepped off the boat at Queenstown, a reputation of extremists handed him an address stating that they considered it to be hopeless to obtain redress for the ills of Ireland by means of Parliamentary representation, and adding that the Nationalists of the country had determined to take no part in the forthcoming or any future elections. This, however, was not quite so terrible as the wording would imply, and simply expressed the views of a small body of Irish Fenians.

At Enniscorthy, however, he came for the first time face to face with an actively hostile audience. His speech was interrupted to such a degree that he had to abandon it, although he stood calm and unconcerned for a considerable time endeavouring to obtain a hearing.

That this was not the general feeling towards him in Ireland was evidenced by the fact that he was nominated (and subsequently elected) by no fewer than three constituencies—Meath, Cork City, and Mayo. Between these three, far apart though they were, he dashed backwards and forwards incessantly, delivering a series of stirring speeches wherever he went. When the polls were declared, he decided to choose Cork City out of the three seats which were at his disposal.

With the election of the new Parliament came also the election of a chairman of the Irish Nationalist party. Charley was urged by a number of friends not to allow himself to be nominated for the position. Although an adept at biding his time, he refused to do so in this instance, because, with his invariable knowledge of the critical moment and the way to use it, he knew that the time had come for him to assume the reins of power.

The vote when taken was a close one, as many of the party preferred the moderation of Shaw, the successor of Butt. The result was as follows:

Parnell	.. ..	23 votes.
Shaw	.. ..	18 ,,
Majority	..	5 ,,

The names of Charley's supporters and opponents on the occasion of this fateful election are

worth recording, in view of subsequent events. They are—

For.—Barry, Biggar, Byrne, Corbet, Dr. Cummins, Daly, Dawson, Flanigan, Gill, Lalor, J. Leahy, Leamy, McCarthy, McConn, Mahon, Marum, Arthur O'Connor, T. P. O'Connor, O'Gorman, O'Kelly, O'Shea, W. H. O'Sullivan, Sexton, T. D. Sullivan.

Against.—Blake, Brooks, Callan, Colthurst, Errington, Foley, Foy, Gabbett, Gray, P. Martin, McFarlane, McKenna, Meldon, Sir P. O'Brien, R. Power, Smithwick, Smyth, Synan.

The new Parliament was entirely in the hands of the Liberals, Mr. Gladstone's supporters numbering no less than 349, as against 243 Tories and 60 Home Rulers.

This was the position when Charley, after brief but crowded five years in politics, became the leader of his party, the terror of both English parties, and a household word throughout the two continents. Even now, when he had obtained the leadership, his path was by no means smooth before him. He was leader, it is true, but of a split party; he had the support of the bulk of the Fenians, but the active opposition of a large number of their leaders. Little had been achieved, and much was urgently needed in the way of legislative reform for his countrymen, who were being decimated by famine and evicted from their homes

in thousands. England appeared as unsympathetic towards Irish demands as ever, and Home Rule in any shape or form as far off as it had been at any time since the last Parliament sat in College Green. Those were the obstacles with which he had to contend when he became chief. It is a remarkable fact that, in spite of all these and many other hindrances, he succeeded in achieving as much as he did for his beloved countrymen.

BOOK III

IN POWER

" Say, who is the chief spurring forth to the fray,
The wave of whose spear holds yon armed array ?
And he who stands scorning the thousands that sweep,
An army of wolves, over shepherdless sheep ?"

Vision of King Brian.

CHAPTER I

MY BROTHER'S PERSONALITY

The Man of the Moment.

I think it would be fitting to give some idea, so far as I can convey it in cold print, of my brother's appearance and outward manner during the period of his supremacy. I am judging, not only from my own personal recollection, but from that of many intimate friends who were connected with Charley at this stage of his career.

His appearance was always a striking one. Tall and thin (except during a period from about 1885 to 1890, when he became rather stout), he always held himself erect, though without stiffness, until the strain of his serious illness and the final party split prematurely aged him. His hair was a darkish brown, with tinges of tan or auburn. He wore it rather long behind, curling slightly upwards from the back of his neck. On his entrance into Parliament in 1875 he was clean-shaven, with the exception of side-whiskers, but by 1880 he had grown a beard of considerable length, and a long, somewhat drooping moustache.

His complexion was pale, but with a healthy

pallor. His white face contrasted vividly with his hair, and accentuated the brilliancy of his dark grey eyes, with their steady and at the same time far-away look. This, with his long features and firm lips curving slightly downwards, gave him a somewhat melancholy appearance, though this was not really borne out by his character, which was lively at times, and at all events philosophical. It was his appearance and his habitually reserved manner that caused many to believe that he had no sense of humour, and never made a joke.

This, however, was by no means the case. He was always specially fond of quizzing me with a kind of dry but always good-natured humour, and was fond of making, among his intimate friends, short, pointed jokes about men and events. This was the case even in his later days, when he was under the full oppression of a fight against hopeless odds.

I remember The O'Donoghue of the Glens, who was an inseparable companion of his during the dark days of 1890 and 1891, telling me several incidents to that effect. On one occasion he was travelling from Tipperary to Athlone in the course of his final campaign of successive defeats. One of his fellow-members, Mr. Hayden, was sitting opposite to him, and, as was not an unusual custom, had put his railway ticket in the band of his hat. Charlie looked at him fixedly for some time, with a twinkle in his eye, and suddenly burst forth with

the remark: "Why on earth, Hayden, do you put your ticket in your hat like that? Everyone must be thinking that you have just picked up the hat as a bargain at an auction." Poor Hayden very shamefacedly transferred the offending ticket to his pocket, amidst the laughter of his companions.

It was when they were being given an enthusiastic send-off from Athlone Station that, The O'Donoghue tells me, another little incident occurred which proved that, even when in bad health and wearied to death with illness, travelling, and the strain of continual speeches, he could still appreciate the humorous side of life. Amongst those on the crowded platform who were wildly waving handkerchiefs, flags, and sticks, was one young peasant woman who, having neither handkerchief, flag nor stick to wave, and being entirely carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, was to be seen wildly swinging about her unfortunate baby in the air. Charley noticed the incident at once, and watched this human semaphore display for a few moments with a twinkle in his eye, which was as near as he generally came to laughing. Then it proved too much for him, and he laughed outright, and, turning to his companions in the carriage, directed their attention to this quaint expression of loyalty.

The Warmth beneath the Ice.

I have spoken of his habitual coldness of manner, and the mysterious way in which, in spite of it, or even because of it, he used to draw all towards him, as moths to a candle. He certainly rarely unbent in expression, and the tone of his voice very rarely varied. But his eyes were full of expression, and the manner in which he accompanied an abrupt and unalterable decision with a sudden winning smile, which seemed to light up his whole face like a ray of sunshine, never failed to render acceptable, and even welcome, the curtness of the actual words he used. His was indeed a mesmerism of manner, and neither I, who so frequently experienced it and came under its sway, nor any of those who were accustomed to see him daily, can actually describe it in so many words.

During this, the summit of his career, he took extreme care with regard to his dress and personal appearance. He did not often wear black, except when compelled to do so at ceremonial functions, but generally preferred tweeds of a dark shade, brown being perhaps his favourite colour. Towards green, although it was his national colour, he always had the strongest aversion, as I shall explain in a chapter devoted to his many curious superstitions (see Appendix A). He wore rather low turned-down collars, not unlike those for

which Mr. Gladstone was famous, but without the long pointed ends. For tie he generally wore a cravat (blue being, I think, its usual colour), with a simple pearl or diamond pin in the centre.

In walking he held himself extremely erect, and took long, though not hurried, strides. Although I am not an exceptionally slow walker myself, I generally found it pretty hard to keep up with him when we were out together, and the more intent he happened to be upon his secret thoughts, the faster he seemed to go. To his habit of thinking deeply when walking was due the fact that he paid little attention to people or things on his way, guiding himself, it would seem, chiefly by instinct; yet, though he would appear to be entirely absorbed in his own thoughts, he would be by no means oblivious of what was being said to him, though he appeared to take no notice whatever of it. Yet he often startled one by uttering a sudden abrupt question relating to something that had been said to him some time before, which showed that he must have grasped every detail of the conversation.

When speaking in public he stood up rather stiffly, with his arms folded loosely in front of him, though very occasionally I have seen him with them clasped behind his back. This was an attitude which he had contracted in very early days. He spoke in a rather low voice, but slowly and very distinctly, making every word tell. He

rarely emphasized any point, however important, by raising his voice or by gesticulating in any way with his arms. As a matter of fact, he always had a horror, even in private life, of speaking loudly. I remember an instance of this one time when we were together in Avondale. We were walking down the road to the sawmills, when I noticed that some of his men working on a field near-by were taking things very easily, even for Irish labourers. I said to him: "Why don't you call out to those fellows, Charley, and get them to hurry up? They look like being all day over that field, if they go on like that." He replied, with a shrug of his shoulders: "I know that; but if I wanted to make them hear I should have to shout, and I dislike shouting." We walked on in silence, but I believe, with his invariably retentive memory, he had something to say to them when he met them next at close quarters.

Another noticeable feature of his was what might be almost called his shyness. He had an especial dislike for the company of strangers, and, in spite of his experience, always felt nervous in the presence of crowds, frequently clenching his hands when speaking, until the blood came. He was once being entertained at a large public dinner, and a huge crowd had assembled outside the windows, the blinds of which were not drawn, in order to give the people a chance of seeing their beloved leader. He became gradually more and

more uneasy under the concentrated stare of the crowd, and began to fidget in his seat and frown. Finally he called out to The O'Donoghue, who was sitting some distance off, out of sight of the crowd: "For goodness' sake, O'Donoghue, change places with me; I can't stand those fellows staring at me any longer."

On another occasion he and I were travelling together by train, when a number of enthusiasts followed us into the carriage. He straightened himself from his usual half-reclining position in the corner of the carriage, which he adopted when travelling, and said to me pettishly: "Can't you get those people out of the carriage, John? they're annoying me." I had to set about the very uncomfortable task of going up to each person and asking him whether he would mind leaving the carriage, as my brother wished to be alone.

Although he frequently told me that he felt nervous, often to a painful degree, when speaking in public, he certainly never showed any trace of it. I do not think that he felt anything like the same nervousness in delivering a speech in the House of Commons that he did in addressing a meeting of his own people. He came to the House with what he had to say cut and dried, for the English to take or leave as they pleased, and I think he thoroughly enjoyed the consternation which his speeches, which always had some-

what the nature of an ultimatum, produced among that dignified and custom-observing gathering.

In speaking to an Irish audience, however, I think he always had a deep desire for sympathy, though he disliked any noisy demonstrations of support. But he was always quite able to stand up to a hostile, and even threatening, crowd, without turning a hair.

Charley's Diet.

Charley was never a heavy eater, and his state of health, which was delicate from boyhood, obliged him to be very careful as to what he took to eat.

We all got into a terribly disorganized habit as to meals during our days together at Avondale, after our father had died and our mother had gone to America. The only meal during the day at which all the family and visitors were certain of meeting was dinner, which we generally had about eight o'clock in the evening. Charley never had breakfast in the ordinary English sense, but made a sort of combined breakfast and lunch when he came down, which was usually about noon, as he was in the habit of stopping up well into the small hours of the morning. He always had some porridge and cream to start with, and a mutton chop formed the chief portion of the meal. He had toast, usually made of oatmeal bread, and very often barberry jelly, which he had been recom-

mended, for his throat, like his chest, was always a weak spot with him. He was also very fond of tomatoes, which at that time were considered rather a luxury.

He made a good, if not heavy, breakfast, and then went right on until dinner without another sit-down meal. Afternoon tea he thoroughly despised, although I was always particularly fond of it myself; and if he felt in need of anything during the day, he contented himself with getting a glass of buttermilk from the nearest cottage or farm where he happened to be.

At dinner we very rarely had soup, but a leg of mutton with red currant jelly generally appeared, owing to its being Charley's favourite dish. He did not like salmon, but was particularly fond of trout, which were very plentiful round Avondale. Very often, when I returned just before dinner from a day's fishing, he would rap at the window as I passed, and cry out: "Hallo, John, have you brought me any nice trout to-day?" In the same way, he very often got a special fancy for some of his favourite barberries, which he liked eating raw as well as in jelly. There was a plentiful supply of these along the road to the river quite close to the house, and he used often to say to me suddenly: "Now, John, you might take a basket and go and pick some barberries for me." He was very fond of potatoes cooked in their jackets, and also liked cabbage, seakale, peas, French beans, and

turnips. He hardly took sweets, except rhubarb, of which he was specially fond, being in that respect the exact opposite to myself, and avoided pastry like poison, as he found it did not agree with his digestion. His cheese was, as a rule, Gruyère. He never took nuts, and practically the only form of dessert which he touched was grapes. I always lamented the fact that he did not like apples, because he not only did not eat them himself, but had all the apple-trees in the orchard cut down.

At dinner he invariably had claret; at breakfast, tea; and during the evening he occasionally took a cup of cocoa, but was not fond of coffee. He ate his meals rather quickly, and disliked talking at them, preferring apparently, as when walking or in bed, to pursue the train of his own thoughts.

While anything in the nature of a fixed time-table for meals was absolutely unknown in Avondale, his visitors were always free to have whatever they liked whenever they chose, and the result was that the dining-room saw one long succession of meals like the Mad Hatter's tea-party in "Alice in Wonderland." As was the case with hours, he never sought to impose the nature of his meals upon his guests, or even upon his brothers and sisters. The rule at Avondale was that you could have exactly what you liked, exactly when you liked. These habits he continued right through his political life, with the exception that, if anything, his meals became

more irregular as years went on. In his later days Sir Henry Thompson gradually increased the strictness of his diet, for, as I have stated, his throat and chest were always weak, and his health at the best of times was delicate.

In the early days I hardly ever remember him smoking. Later in his political days he developed a taste for cigars, though I think he never took to the pipe or cigarette. He was fond of using the smoking-room of the House of Commons, either to think out his schemes or to hold conferences with members of his party, but he by no means always smoked when he was there.

As for his amusement, outdoor sports, such as cricket, hunting, and shooting, were always his favourites when he had time to indulge in them. Chess, as I have said earlier, he knew, but did not play it exceptionally well. He was a keen billiard-player, but, as far as I can recollect, took little or no interest in cards.

As a letter-writer he confined himself to the briefest and most business-like epistles. The telegraph was his usual means of communication, and certainly the surest way of getting a reply from him, as he was rather apt to ignore the letters he received. I know that even I, when I wished to arrange to meet him, had to do so by telegram, as, if I sent on a letter in advance, he rarely took much notice of it, and I had to go and rout him out wherever he was stopping, when his invariable

remark was: "Whyever didn't you send me a telegram?"

His desire for haste showed itself even more when he was travelling. If he took a car he generally urged the driver to the utmost speed, and if he missed a train, or found that he would have to wait any appreciable time, he generally chartered a special, on several occasions travelling on the footplate of the engine. Delay in any form was, in fact, abhorrent to one of his highly-strung nervous temperament.

That is as far I as can remember of my brother's outward appearance, manner, and habits, during the time of his greatness. The details which I have given may seem trivial, taken singly, but, on the other hand, they may be of service as giving some sort of picture of the man himself.

CHAPTER II

THE RIGHT TO LIVE

Land Law.

Charley, when he became leader, found himself in charge of a divided party, as Mr. Shaw and the moderate section of the Home Rulers who supported him sat on the other side of the House. The Government, however, instead of attempting to widen this breach in the ranks of their inveterate opponents, actually drove them together into one solid phalanx by refusing any concession whatever to Irish demands.

The whole energies of the Irish party were devoted to obtaining some sort of solution of the land question, which, owing to the terrors of the famine and the merciless evictions, had become desperately acute. Charley's remedy, or at any rate palliative of this state of things, was voiced in a Bill brought in by Mr. O'Connor Power to award compensation in any case of disturbance. The English Government, as has not infrequently been their course in Irish affairs, wished to do neither one thing nor the other. They did not repudiate the idea of compensation for disturb-

ance, but did not wish to give their sanction to a measure introduced by the Irish party themselves.

A Bill to effect this purpose was accordingly brought in by Mr. Forster, who had become Chief Secretary under the new Ministry. He was supported by the entire Irish party, but the Bill, after passing through the Commons by a somewhat slender majority, was ignominiously thrown out by the Lords.

The Agrarian War.

This led to the period of boycotting and agrarian outrage which forms one of the blackest pages in the history of Ireland. Whether the responsibility for these deplorable occurrences should rest entirely with the Land League—and therefore, of course, with my brother, as its founder and supreme director—or whether the apathy, and even opposition, of the English Parliament, especially the House of Lords, did not to a large extent justify this outbreak of violence on the part of men driven to desperation through hunger and misery, lies with a posterity more remote and impartial than our present one to decide.

My brother, I know, always set his face strongly against outrage of any kind. As a last extremity, he might have consented to lead an army in the field; but the idea of cowardly attacks on indi-

viduals, and above all the maiming of animals, repelled him to the last degree. But his hand was forced in this instance by his lieutenants and by the Fenians, without whose help at this time he was powerless.

I consider that the real blame should rest on the landlords, who callously insisted on getting their rents, which they refused to reduce from those existing in times of prosperity, and mercilessly evicted the many poor wretches who were unable to pay, and who were converted against their wills from peaceable tenant farmers into desperadoes.

Charley had thrown himself heart and soul into the organization of the Land League, which had spread in a very short time throughout the country, and had come very near to controlling the law and its administration. To the Land League the starving people of Ireland naturally looked for assistance when the Bill, upon whose passing their very lives depended, was thrown out by a House whose members included many of their own absentee landlords. The people looked to the Land League, and the Land League looked to Charley, for a policy that would serve the purpose. As ever, he was ready with a new form of warfare. This, though not involving bloodshed necessarily, undoubtedly led to it in some instances. It was, however, really intended as a compromise between the futility of constitu-

tional agitation and the desperate, and to him, abhorrent, agrarian outrages, the latter, however, proving impossible to suppress.

Boycotting.

Boycotting, as this new system soon came to be known, owing to its first victim being Captain Boycott, the agent of Lord Erne, was outlined by my brother in the course of a famous speech delivered at Ennis on September 19, 1881. He had asked his audience what they proposed to do to a tenant who bid for a farm from which his neighbour had been evicted. A chorus of voices cried, "Shoot him!" but Charley continued in his even, impassive voice to describe the method of using this terrible weapon which he had forged on behalf of his poor and starving fellow-countrymen. I give his words in full, for as a definition of "boycotting" they will endure to all eternity. They are as follows:

> When a man takes a farm from which another has been evicted, you must show him on the roadside when you meet him, you must show him in the streets and the town, you must show him at the shop counter, you must show him in the fair and in the market-place, and even in the house of worship, by leaving him severely alone, by putting him into a moral Coventry, by isolating him from

> his kind as if he was a leper of old—you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed; and you may depend upon it that there will be no man so full of avarice, so lost to shame, as to dare the public opinion of all right-thinking men, and to transgress your unwritten code of laws.

This terrible anathema had immediate effect, and its success resulted in the still more rapid growth of the Land League, which Davitt set himself to work to spread in America, while my brother was extending it throughout Ireland.

The boycott was intended by my brother, as I have said, as a means of passive resistance; but it did not long stop at that. The people were not satisfied with isolating their fellow-countrymen. "It is not enough to send them to Coventry; we must send them to hell!" was a saying that passed like wildfire through the ranks of the evicted tenants. Murders became of everyday occurrence, cattle were shockingly maimed, the farmer who replaced an evicted tenant was lucky if he escaped with his life. A shot through a window or door or from behind the hedge was the manifestation of the power of Captain Moonlight, as the organization of those who believed in violence was nicknamed.

A Desperate Remedy.

The Government soon became alarmed, even to the extent of panic, at the reign of terror which then prevailed in Ireland, especially the western counties. A long discussion took place between the English Cabinet and the Executive at Dublin Castle as to the best means of suppressing the disturbance. The obvious course was to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, an expedient that had been adopted in previous crises. Before taking this course, however, Mr. Forster conceived the not very brilliant idea of suppressing the Land League by prosecuting its principal officers for conspiracy. Accordingly, a bunch of warrants were issued against my brother, Messrs. Biggar, Dillon, Sullivan, O'Sullivan, and Sexton (his fellow-members of Parliament), the treasurer (Patrick Egan), and the secretary (Thomas Brennan), besides a number of other persons connected with the League. Charley was not much upset at this indiscreet move on the part of the Government, which he knew must in the end tell against them. "I regret," he declared at a meeting held shortly afterwards, "that Mr. Forster has chosen to waste his time, the money of the Government, and our own money, in these prosecutions."

The trial concluded on January 25, 1881, after

a hearing lasting for twenty days. The jury disagreed, but an indiscreet member of that body let the public behind the scenes by announcing in court, "We are ten to two, my lord," showing the overwhelming majority of Parnellites even in a carefully-selected jury. The Judge, seeing how things stood, immediately ordered the jury to be discharged.

The Government then decided to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, and on January 24 Mr. Forster's famous Coercion Bill was introduced, being given precedence of all other business. The Government adopted a policy of suppression, and the Irish party one of obstruction.

On February 2 the Speaker, after the sitting had lasted for forty-one hours (it was then 9 a.m.), declared that in the interests of the House he must call upon the members to decide at once upon the first reading. This was done, the Bill being read the first time by a majority of 164 to 19. The House then gave itself a brief rest until noon.

On its reassembling, Charley, who had not been in the House when the Speaker made his startling announcement, rose and challenged the Speaker's action on a question of privilege. After a considerable bandying of words between Charley and the Speaker, the latter agreed that it was necessary for him to consult the precedents.

So acute did the obstruction on the part of the

Irish members then become, that the rules of procedure were rendered yet more strict on the motion of Mr. Gladstone. Then there was an outburst of disorder. Mr. Dillon was suspended, and finally removed by the Sergeant-at-Arms; and Charley, for moving that Mr. Gladstone "be no longer heard," was named by the Speaker, and suspended on the motion of Mr. Gladstone. Member after member then rose from the Irish benches and followed their leader into a state of suspension, while messages were sent to those who were not in the House to come and offer themselves as a similar sacrifice.

Tardy Justice.

The indignation aroused by the prosecution of the Land League, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the passing of the Coercion Bill—all unwise acts on the part of the Government—resulted in the Land Bill which was brought in by Mr. Gladstone not receiving the support from the Irish party which it would otherwise have done. The Bill all the same was a good Bill, and granted freely the majority of the demands for the rights of tenants, which had been consistently ignored for so long.

But the question was, How were the Irish going to act?—in other words, How was my brother going to act? He decided to oppose the Bill on

the ground that the Irish party were not responsible for it, and had not had time to consider it. Declaring bluntly that he would resign if the majority of his party decided to support the Bill, he succeeded in carrying all before him. At the subsequent divisions Charley and his followers walked out of the House without voting.

For insisting that a day should be devoted to the discussion of the Irish administration, and disregarding the Speaker's warnings, Charley was named and suspended.

An important Land League Convention was held in Dublin on September 14, where Mr. Gladstone's Land Act, which had by then come into force, was discussed. Charley then outlined his scheme as to the use to which the Act should be put, and said he was not in favour of too many cases being brought into Court. At another convention held at Maryborough a few days later, he specially introduced a resolution that applications for the fixing of rent should not be made without the previous consent of the branch of the Land League to which the tenant belonged.

In other words, though the Government had now granted a great measure of the demands which Charley had made on behalf of the tenants, he had no intention of agreeing to the official dissolution of the Land League, which was the means by which these demands had been wrung from an unwilling Government, until he was

certain that they would be carried into force. Moreover, he wished to have the repressive measures adopted by "Buckshot" Forster—as the Chief Secretary had come to be called, on account of his methods of intimidation—repealed while he still had the power to force the hand of the English Government.

CHAPTER III

IN PRISON

Charley's Arrest.

Mr. Forster had not been long in realizing that the State trial of the leaders of the Land League was a mistake from the beginning. He felt that no jury in Ireland would ever convict them of conspiracy or any other offence. He therefore determined to avail himself of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and dispense with the need of judge, jury, or trial, by arresting Charley as a suspect under the Coercion Act. He hoped, by removing one who was the body and soul of the movement, to be able to crush the Land League in detail.

But, like most Chief Secretaries, he acted too late. Had he arrested Charley just when he was starting to organize the Land League, he might indeed have nipped the movement in the bud; but to tear away its beloved leader just when the organization had attained its full power was an act of criminal folly. Forster, however, had converted Mr. Gladstone to his own idea of arresting Charley, as being the mainspring of all the trouble

in Ireland, and Mr. Gladstone gave a plainly-worded warning in a speech delivered at Leeds on October 7, that Charley had gone as far as he would be allowed to do. Two days later Charley replied by a vigorous speech delivered at Wexford, in which he rather ridiculed than denounced Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards the Irish as a nation, and himself as their leader.

After this both he and his friends regarded his arrest as certain. They were justified in this view, for on October 12, at the conclusion of a meeting of the Cabinet, Forster wired to the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland a prearranged word which authorized the arrest of my brother.

Charley was stopping at that time at Morrison's Hotel, and had arranged to go down to Naas early the next morning to address a meeting. When the boots came up to call him, he said there were two men downstairs whom he believed to be police officers waiting to arrest him. The man offered to try to get him safely away over the roofs, but Charley refused, knowing that his arrest was certain, and not wishing to suffer the ignominy of being caught while trying to escape. When he was nearly dressed, Superintendent Mallon knocked at the door, and handed him a warrant for his arrest. Charley was driven away quickly in a cab, which was afterwards joined by an escort of mounted police, and arrived at Kilmainham Prison without anybody being any the wiser.

He was treated at Kilmainham as a political prisoner, being given a well-furnished room and allowed to smoke and get his meals in from outside. He was able also to write and receive letters, subject to their being inspected by the police authorities, and his fellow-suspects in the prison were allowed to dine with him. He was also allowed to receive visitors, and a great many of his friends availed themselves of this opportunity. Another concession was his being allowed a few days' absence on parole, in order to go over to Paris to his sister Theodosia (Mrs. Thompson), whose son was at the point of death.

The "No Rent" Manifesto.

Owing to the freedom which he was allowed, Charley was as free to rule from Kilmainham as Napoleon was from Elba. In his sitting-room at the prison he openly held conferences with his lieutenants, and carried on the business of the League which it had been designed to crush by his arrest. Of course, the first idea, once the news was known, was retaliation. That was not so much due to any vindictiveness on the part of Charley himself, as to the unanimous resolve of the officials of the League, who were backed up by a tremendous wave of feeling throughout Ireland, where the agrarian outrages, instead of being checked, as Mr. Gladstone

expected, now burst forth to a perfectly appalling extent.

I believe that the idea of the " No Rent " manifesto, which was the League's crushing reply to Forster's arrest of Charley, originated with Patrick Ford of the *Irish World,* who had latterly considerably modified his views and become a firm adherent of Charley's. Egan, who had taken the funds of the League into safety in Paris directly the Coercion Bill was introduced, warmly co-operated with Ford, and finally a manifesto was drawn up by William O'Brien, and taken to Charley at Kilmainham. There, in the State prison, surrounded by armed guards, the chiefs of the proscribed League conferred long and earnestly as to how best to defeat the objects of the Government. Charley finally signed the document, owing to the pressure brought to bear on him from America, but he had little real belief in its efficacy. He was thoroughly justified in taking this view, for the manifesto was condemned by the priests, and, as was the case with regard to himself after the " Split," what they banned as a body was foredoomed to failure. The peasantry, as a matter of fact, never really took the manifesto seriously, alluring as the title was in their impoverished condition.

"The Kilmainham Treaty."

If Mr. Gladstone, acting on Mr. Forster's representations, expected that Charley's arrest would result in an immediate falling off in the number of agrarian outrages, he was doomed to grievous disappointment; for, instead of decreasing, they increased to an unparalleled extent. This was not due, as has been alleged in some quarters, to a desire on the part of Charley to avenge himself at all costs, but, on the contrary, to the check which he had exercised over excesses of this nature being removed by his imprisonment. The only way in which he could keep a tight hand on the more desperate section of his party was by continually paying personal visits to the districts where evictions were most prevalent, and, while advising them to resist English tyranny by all constitutional methods, discountenancing murder, maiming, and similar crimes. This, however, he could no longer do when confined at Kilmainham, and many of his colleagues were by no means averse to a campaign of outrage so long as it terrorized the landlords, and through them England.

What is known as the "Kilmainham Treaty" was an informal contract entered into between Charley, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Chamberlain. No written agreement was ever made, but to all

intents and purposes it was a treaty between the English Government and the Irish party, the conditions of which were faithfully carried out by both sides.

The purport of the whole understanding, as it may perhaps be accurately described, was that Charley should be released, the Coercion Act repealed, and the Habeas Corpus Act brought into force again, while Charley on his part should use his entire influence to pacify Ireland.

The chief difficulty was for Mr. Gladstone to persuade Lord Cowper, the Viceroy, to sign the order for release. He finally consented, and Charley walked out again a free man in May, 1882.

Although Charley was well treated at Kilmainham, his health certainly suffered by his imprisonment, and, from what he told me when I met him in 1884, his already delicate constitution never recovered from the effects of his imprisonment, which led to a severe illness in 1883, and undoubtedly sowed the seeds of his final breakdown in health (see Appendix A).

CHAPTER IV

THE PHŒNIX PARK MURDERS

Return to Parliament.

Charley's release, being a direct admission of the failure of the policy of coercion adopted by the Irish executive, resulted in the immediate resignation of Lord Cowper and Mr. Forster from the Lord Lieutenancy and Chief Secretaryship respectively.

Forster was in the middle of a speech defending his action in Ireland when Charley entered the House, being welcomed with a wild burst of cheering from the Irish benches. In a speech which attracted much attention, Charley denied that any definite compact had been entered into between himself and the Government, but said that a settlement of the arrears question would have much to do towards ending the reign of outrage in Ireland, which he so much deplored. It was proposed to enable those tenants who were unable to pay their rents, owing to the famine, to avoid eviction by the Government advancing a sum out of the funds derived from the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland. This proposal, after much discussion, afterwards bore fruit, as will be seen.

But the cup of victory was to be dashed from Charley's lips, owing to a circumstance over which he had no control. Just as later, when he had emerged triumphant from the Pigott trial he was to meet with the crushing blow of the O'Shea case, so now the Phœnix Park murders to a great extent nullified the Kilmainham Treaty.

Lord Spencer and Lord Frederick Cavendish had taken the places of Lord Cowper and Mr. Forster. The state entry of the Lord Lieutenant into Dublin took place on May 6. When the pageant had concluded, Lord Frederick Cavendish told Lord Spencer that he would prefer to walk to the Chief Secretary's Lodge instead of accepting the Lord Lieutenant's offer of a seat in his carriage. As he entered the park he was joined by Mr. Burke, the Under-Secretary, and they walked together towards the Chief Secretary's Lodge. Just opposite the Viceregal Lodge a small group of men who were standing by suddenly fell on them and stabbed them both to death. Lord Spencer, from within the Viceregal Lodge, heard repeated shrieks of agony, and ran to the window. A man came rushing along at full speed, crying: " Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish are killed !" The Viceroy attempted to rush out, but was stopped by the members of his household, who were anxious for his safety.

Numerous arrests followed, and six men were tried and hanged for the crime, chiefly on the evi-

dence of a man named Carey, who turned informer, and was afterwards murdered on the high seas.

There is little doubt that this terrible murder was the work of a small body of desperate men belonging to a society called the "Invincibles," which had come into being with the avowed purpose of removing political opponents by assassination. They had no connection whatever with any of the recognized Irish political bodies. Still, of course, that fact was not appreciated in England.

The indignation with which this outrage was received was intense, both in England and Ireland. To speak plainly, it was generally believed in England that Charley was the direct instigator of the crime. The people clamoured savagely for his blood, and great crowds assembled in front of the Westminster Palace Hotel, where he was staying. In spite of this, he insisted upon moving freely about in the streets, although his life was really in more danger than had been those of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. Certainly, hardly anyone in England at that time would have thought it other than meritorious to have killed him, and no jury would have dreamt of convicting his murderer. Owing to his disregard of danger, the days succeeding the announcement of the Phœnix Park crime were amongst the most anxious which Scotland Yard ever experienced, as in the state of public feeling it was impossible to have any idea from what

quarter the blow might be struck. It was therefore useless to watch any particular body or group of persons, political or otherwise, and the whole energies of the Yard had to be devoted to shadowing Charley himself, over whose safety a veritable army of the most experienced detectives in the kingdom watched by day and night.

In Ireland the news was received with horror, disappointment, and disgust. It was felt that it was a cowardly murder, and one which deeply dishonoured the Irish sense of hospitality, as this was Lord Frederick Cavendish's first visit to Ireland, where he had never taken any part in political affairs. Moreover, it was a useless and irresponsible crime, which recoiled, not so much upon the actual perpetrators, as upon the whole Irish party. Had it only been Mr. Burke the thing would have been bad enough, but it was felt that there was no possible excuse for the unprovoked murder of an innocent stranger, which could only bring into disrepute an entire nation which had taken no act or part in it.

Charley's Feelings.

The blow was a terrible one for Charley. He was completely unnerved. His first idea was to retire at once from public life, though from this course he was dissuaded, not only by his friends, but even by his great opponent, Mr. Gladstone,

who assured him of his complete belief in his innocence of the slightest complicity in the matter. But it is certain that for once Charley completely lost his usual cool head, and allowed his nervous temperament, which as a rule he kept strictly under control, to dominate him completely for the time being. I know myself that for years after this horrible event preyed on his generous and sensitive nature, and I realized so well how even a slight reference by him, to a matter which was completely past, showed that he must have thought very long and deeply about it.

On the very day when the news was received in England, Charley issued a manifesto, which was also signed by Dillon and Davitt, addressed to the Irish people, in which, after expressing the horror with which they received the news of the crime, the Irish leaders said: "We feel that no act has ever been perpetrated in our country, during the exciting struggle for social and political rights of the past fifty years, that has so stained the name of hospitable Ireland as this cowardly and unprovoked assassination of a friendly stranger." That exactly expresses Charley's views on the matter, as I know from his subsequent conversations with me. I think for once that his faith in the righteousness of the cause for which he had fought so consistently was shaken for the first time by the dread that anything in his policy, directed though it had always

been for the bettering of the conditions of his poorer fellow-countrymen, should have given even the faintest encouragement, to minds disordered as were those of the "Invincibles," to the commission of such a dastardly crime. His intense pride, his sensitiveness, and his genuine love of Ireland, caused him to suffer horribly, and the wound was never healed.

He entered the House of Commons on May 8, almost a broken man. Though a victor, the spoils of war had been more than torn from him, and his personal honour was assailed in a way which only allowed him to refute the accusations by his own personal word, in which he knew the English would put no belief. His speech in the House was brief, and marked with obvious emotion. In the course of it he expressed the fear that owing to this deplorable event all his efforts towards peace would be thrown away, and the Government would find no other course open to them than to resort to coercion once more. This was indeed the case, for Sir William Harcourt's Crimes Bill was immediately rushed through, in spite of wild scenes of obstruction on the part of the Irish party, in the course of which eighteen members were suspended. Charley and his party finally ceased to take any further part in the discussion of the Bill, protesting against the suspension of their fellow-members at a time when a measure affecting vitally the rights and liberties of Ireland was before the House.

CHAPTER V

THE ARREARS ACT

A Concession.

In spite of the Coercion Act, Charley scored one signal victory, for an Arrears Bill was passed, to a great extent, on the lines for which he had been agitating. The Bill, which applied to tenancies under £30, provided that, subject to the tenant satisfying the Court that he was unable to pay the whole of the arrears, and paying the rent due in 1881, he should only be liable for the rent during one of the two years 1879 and 1880, the State paying the remaining portion. Charley, having obtained to a certain degree the land reforms which were the subject of his campaign, was now able to slacken the land agitation, which he had almost regarded as a measure of necessity, and had secretly disliked, owing to its leading to outrage. After the Phœnix Park murders he was determined, both on their account and on account of the informal promise he had made in connection with what was known as the Kilmainham Treaty, to end the reign of terror in Ireland. The Land League had to a great degree effected this purpose, and, being proscribed by the Government, its or-

ganization was scattered; and the Ladies' Land League, which he had regarded at the outset as being of some possible use, but had soon come to look upon as an uncontrollable and even mischievous agency, which tended to upset his own policy, he had deliberately starved to death by refusing to advance any more funds.

It was clear that at this time Charley wanted to devote himself to what, after all, was his great ambition—the obtaining of Home Rule for Ireland by constitutional methods. An exceptional outburst of murders—some of them for the slightest causes—were making the year 1882 memorable, even in the bloodstained annals of agrarian outrage. Charley was sick to death of these ignoble crimes, which lowered the status of his country without in any way advancing the prospects of its independence.

The trial of the "Invincibles" who were supposed to have been connected with the Phœnix Park murders, which took place in February, 1883, again concentrated English public opinion on the horrors of the crime itself and on the general lawlessness existing in Ireland. This was followed, in the House of Commons, by a violent attack made upon Charley by Mr. Forster, who used these words, which summarize the general feeling against my brother at the time: "It has been often enough stated and shown by statistics that murder followed the meetings and action of the Land League . . . .

It is not that he himself directly planned or perpetrated outrages or murders, but that he either connived at them, or, when warned, did not use his influence to prevent them." Charley listened unmoved to this damning accusation, and, instead of replying to it, immediately moved the adjournment of the debate until the next day (February 23, 1882).

A Defiance.

On the eventful day the House was crowded, in expectation of a detailed and elaborate defence, on the part of Charley, of his action with regard to the Land League. If the House expected anything in the nature of an apology, or even an explanation, they were doomed to disappointment, for from beginning to end his speech was a proud and contemptuous defiance.

After saying that it was impossible for anyone to stem the torrent of prejudice that had arisen, he entered into a series of bitter gibes at the Irish Executive. He asked why Mr. Forster was not sent back to help Lord Spencer in the congenial work of the gallows in Ireland. "We invite you," he said with scathing sarcasm, "to man your ranks, and to send your ablest and best men to push forward the task of misgoverning and oppressing Ireland." Of the future he was sanguine, and he ended his speech with a calm prophecy of

success. He said: "Although the horizon may be clouded, I believe our people will survive the present oppression, as they have survived many and worse misfortunes; and although our progress may be slow, it will be sure."

But the whole speech was summarized in one famous sentence: "By the judgment of the Irish people only do I, and will I, stand or fall."

This was not at all the kind of speech which the House had expected, and they received it with feelings of mixed amazement and disgust.

About this time the Fenians began to become anxious concerning Charley's attitude and the moderate policy which he was now adopting. They invited him to attend a convention which was being held at Philadelphia on April 25. He declined the invitation to attend personally, but sent a cablegram in which he suggested that their platform should be so framed as to enable the Irish national party to continue to accept help from America, while at the same time avoiding offering a pretext to the British Government for entirely suppressing the national movement in Ireland. After this convention the existing American Land League was replaced by the National League of America, which was intended to co-operate with the newly-formed National League of Ireland. The Fenians thus regained somewhat of their hold on Irish policy, as Charley found it impossible to break openly with them.

The Tribute.

My brother, as I explain elsewhere (Appendix C), had for many complicated reasons been getting gradually into low water so far as regarded finance. It came as a shock to the Irish people to hear that a mortgage on Avondale had been foreclosed, and that he had filed a petition for sale. This resulted in a desire, which was spontaneous on the part of all classes throughout Ireland, to aid their beloved leader, who had risked so much on their behalf. Accordingly, a gigantic collection was set on foot, and by December 11, 1882, when it closed, it had reached the sum of £37,011 17s. His reception of this amount, large as it was, was characteristic. He was handed the cheque on December 11, just before a grand banquet was given in his honour. He put it in his pocket as if it were a matter of course, and neither then nor in the course of his subsequent speech made the slightest reference to it.

The Dynamite Outrages.

During 1883 and 1884 the extremists, not satisfied with agrarian outrages, started to carry the war right into the enemy's country, by a series of attempts to blow up public buildings in London. The explosive used was dynamite, a factory for

the making of which was discovered by the police in Birmingham. It was found that the Government offices, the principal railway-stations, Scotland Yard, and even the Houses of Parliament themselves, were marked out for destruction, and in several cases attempts, more or less abortive, were made to carry these plans into effect.

Some suggestions of complicity were made against my brother even in this connection, but I know that his attitude towards the dynamitards was not in the slightest degree sympathetic. He regarded them as fools and madmen, who were only upsetting his own plans. He felt a very keen resentment against the *Irish World*, whose violent articles, written by the American Fenians, had undoubtedly inspired the outrages.

CHAPTER VI

A SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN

Inactive, but not Idle.

For two years previous to the General Election of 1885, Charley did not do anything very startling, and his quiet attitude led to a little grumbling among the more unruly members of his party. He made speeches in various parts of the country, but they simply urged a strictly constitutional policy. He was, however, as it turned out, not so much resting as preparing to spring. For one thing, he was gradually educating the Irish people to the absolute necessity of self-government, and preparing the English Government to resign themselves to the fact that sooner or later they must pass a Home Rule Bill.

Moreover, he was in bad health for a good part of this time, and had many family and financial troubles. The sudden death of his sister Fanny also affected him deeply, as it did also our sister Anna, who on hearing the sad news fell into a fit which very nearly proved fatal. Prior to the General Election, however, he made a tour of Ireland, delivering a number of forcible speeches.

At Arklow he stated definitely what, in his view, the demand of Ireland should be. "We cannot," he said, "ask for less than the restitution of Grattan's Parliament, with its important privileges and wide, far-reaching constitution. But," he said significantly, "no man has a right to fix the boundary of the march of a nation."

It is noticeable that, during the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland in 1885, Charley, while recommending that the royal visitors should not be given an official reception on behalf of the Irish people, pleaded that they should be treated with courtesy, and that there should be no hostile demonstrations.

Mr. Gladstone had announced his intention to renew the Crimes Act, though in a modified form, and this Charley was determined to prevent. He did so by throwing his full force on the side of the Tories when an amendment was moved to the Budget Bill on June 8. The result was that the Government were defeated by twelve votes, the announcement being greeted by triumphant cries of "No coercion!" from the Irish benches. The Tories formed a temporary Ministry, but, being placed entirely at the mercy of the Irish party, a dissolution was soon necessary.

Charley seized the opportunity of the English being entangled in their own affairs to have a really beneficial Land Bill passed through the House, whereby advances could be made by the

State to enable tenants to purchase their holdings from the landlords. The repayment of the purchase money was spread over a period of forty-nine years, and a sum of £5,000,000 was set aside for the purpose out of the surplus fund of the Irish Disestablished Church.

Home Rule was now Charley's one idea, as he explained in a speech at Dublin during the General Election campaign, in which he said: "It is not now a question of self-government for Ireland; it is only a question as to how much of the self-government they will be able to cheat us out of. . . . I hope that it may not be for us in the new Parliament to devote our attention to subsidiary measures, and that it may be possible for us to have a programme and a platform with only one plank, and that one plank national independence."

The result of the election was a Liberal majority of eighty-six over the Conservatives, which was exactly equalled by the number of Nationalists returned. Charley therefore was the entire master of the situation. If he joined Mr. Gladstone, the combined Liberal and Nationalist parties had an overwhelming majority over the Tories; if he opposed Mr. Gladstone, and threw his eighty-six votes into the Tory scale, the Government majority was nullified.

The Home Rule Bill.

Towards 1886 it became rumoured more and more seriously that Mr. Gladstone was considering the form which a Home Rule Bill should take. There is no doubt that the Liberal Premier had for some time past been coming nearer and nearer to the belief that it was time that legislative independence should be granted to Ireland.

Directly Mr. Gladstone returned to office he set to work on the Home Rule Bill. On the question of the powers to be granted to the Irish Parliament, Mr. Gladstone soon found himself in complete disagreement with Mr. Chamberlain, who was the President of the Local Government Board. In spite of each making small concessions to one another's views, they had to come to the conclusion that at the bottom their principles were diametrically opposed. The inevitable result occurred on March 26, 1886, when Mr. Chamberlain resigned his position in the Cabinet.

The details of Mr. Gladstone's measure were revealed to a tensely expectant House on April 8, 1886, when he formally moved the first reading of the Home Rule Bill.

Under his scheme there was to be both an Irish Executive and Irish Parliament, though the latter was not to make any laws dealing with certain subjects, such as the restraint of educational freedom, the endowment of religion, and the

Customs or Excise. The Imperial Parliament alone should have power to decide as to peace or war, and to control the army, navy, and other forces, regulate relations with the colonies and foreign countries, supervise trade, the Post-Office and coinage, and have the disposal of titles and honours and other dignities. All the Irish police were finally to come under the control of the Irish Parliament, the Dublin Metropolitan Police after two years, and the Constabulary after a period to be fixed. Ireland was not to be represented in the Imperial Parliament.

After the Home Rule Bill had been read the first time, Mr. Gladstone brought in a Bill that had for its intention the establishment of a peasant proprietary in Ireland. This was a rather far-reaching measure, enabling the land to be obtained by the State at twenty years' purchase, and then sold to the tenants on a system of instalments spread over forty-nine years. It certainly was not welcomed by either the landlords or the tenants. Mr. Gladstone himself realized this so much that he practically shelved this Land Bill, which died a natural death when the Government went out in July.

The second reading of the Home Rule Bill was moved by Mr. Gladstone on May 10, and the debate on it lasted for a month. Mr. Bright, after earnest consideration, finally declared himself against the Bill.

. Charley waited until the final night of the debate to express his opinion. He warned the House that their rejection of the Bill (which, with his customary foresight, he expected) would mean an outburst of indignation in Ireland, with which not even the many stringent measures already in force would be sufficient to cope.

The second reading was, however, rejected by 343 to 313 votes, and Mr. Gladstone and his party went to the country, strange to say, in complete alliance with the Irish Nationalists. The result of the election showed a tremendous swing of the pendulum, the Unionists coming in with 394 votes against the 276 of the combined Liberal and Irish parties. England was certainly not prepared at that time to grant Home Rule, especially with two such influential members of the Liberal party as Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bright opposed to it.

The "Plan of Campaign."

Towards the end of 1886 considerable trouble occurred in the South of Ireland, the Tories' boast, that in spite of the rejection of the Home Rule Bill peace would prevail in Ireland, proving at best the pious hope. In order to prevent evictions, Mr. William O'Brien concocted a scheme whereby, when landlords refused to make reasonable reductions in rent, the tenants should be enabled to hold out by money provided partly by

the League in Dublin, and partly by local sympathizers. He proposed that in every district a managing committee should be established, with whom the rent was to be banked, being used, if the landlords proved obstinate, as a weapon against them. That is a very rough sketch of this famous scheme, to which O'Brien soon gained the adherence of Dillon.

Charley was ill at the time, otherwise things might not have gone so far as they did. He refused to discuss the Plan of Campaign, with which he was not at all in agreement, as he believed at that time in a peaceful agitation with regard to the land question, whereas what was proposed would bring back the agrarian troubles, with all their consequences of outrage and murder. However, before it had been properly discussed, and certainly before the scheme had been approved by the chief of the Irish party, details of it were published in the newspapers. Charley found himself unwillingly committed to the scheme, which had immediately produced the outburst of violence which he feared it would, and which led to the passing of the Crimes Act. This measure, which was of a permanent nature, suspended the right of trial by jury in a number of cases of agrarian disorder, substituting instead trial by magistrates. Power was given to the Lord Lieutenant to proclaim disturbed districts and dangerous associations. Of course, the only result was, as before,

scenes of violence on the part of both the authorities and the tenants, which lasted for about two years.

The Crimes Act practically drove the Nationalists into the arms of the Liberals. It was curious that, when Mr. Gladstone's portrait became nearly as popular in the West of Ireland as Charley's, the latter said, in reply to a question as to what he thought of Mr. Gladstone: "I think of Mr. Gladstone and the English people what I have always thought of them. They will do what we can make them do." He seemed rather amused at the enthusiastic friendship which many of his followers displayed towards the Liberal party, and said on one occasion: "I do not object to an English alliance which we can control; I object to an English alliance which the English control." To such a pitch did this friendship between old enemies extend that on one occasion Charley drove with Lord (then Mr.) Morley to a great meeting at St. James's Hall, London, where he actually succeeded in rousing his English audience to a state of wild enthusiasm.

His health by this had become very bad indeed, and he himself was only too sensible of it. He surprised the members of the Eighty Club, in a speech delivered before them in 1888, by an admission, of a startlingly frank nature for him, not only of his state of health, but also of the fact that to it was due the adoption of the Plan of Cam-

paign, against his better judgment. In his speech he said:

> I was ill, dangerously ill. It was an illness from which I have not entirely recovered up to this day. I was so ill that I could not put pen to paper, or even read a newspaper. I knew nothing about the movement until weeks after it had started, and even then I was so feeble that for several months, absolutely up to the meeting of Parliament, I was positively unable to take part in any public matter, and was scarcely able to do so for months after. If I had been in a position to advise about it, I candidly admit to you that I should have advised against it.

Mr. Gladstone, in a speech delivered a month afterwards, exonerated to some extent the Plan of Campaign, using the following words, which are noteworthy in view of these and more modern occurrences:

> Do not suppose that I think the Plan of Campaign is a good thing in itself, or that I speak of it as such. I lament everything in the nature of machinery for governing a country outside the regular law of the country. But there are circumstances in which that machinery, though it may be an evil in itself —and it is an evil, because it lets loose many bad passions, and gives to bad men the power

> of playing themselves off as good men, and in a multitude of ways relaxes the ties and bonds that unite society — I say there are many circumstances in which it is an infinitely smaller evil to use this machinery than to leave the people to perish.

In another speech, delivered at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, in 1888, Mr. Gladstone, in eloquent and even in passionate words, appealed to his audience on behalf of Home Rule. He said:

> Our opponents teach you to rely on the use of this deserted and enfeebled and superannuated weapon of coercion. We teach you to rely upon Irish affection and goodwill. We teach you not to speculate on the formation of that sentiment. We show you that it is formed already, it is in full force, it is ready to burst forth from every Irish heart and from every Irish voice. We only beseech you, by resolute persistence in that policy you have adopted, to foster, to cherish, to consolidate, that sentiment, and so to act that in space it shall spread from the north of Ireland to the south, and from the west of Ireland to the east; and in time it shall extend and endure from this present date until the last years and the last of the centuries that may still be reserved in the counsels of Providence to work out the destinies of mankind.

CHAPTER VII

THE PIGOTT LETTERS

The "Times" Campaign.

My brother's policy had always been more or less condemned, and even referred to as the cause of the agrarian outrages, by the English *Times*.

But a shock passed through the whole of the English-speaking races when, in the course of the first of a series of articles appearing under the title "Parnellism and Crime," the *Times* printed the following letter:

> Dear Sir,
>
> I am not surprised at your friend's anger, but he and you should know that to denounce the murders was the only course open to us. To do that promptly was plainly our best policy. But you can tell him and all others concerned that, though I regret the accident of Lord F. Cavendish's death, I cannot refuse to admit that Burke got no more than his deserts. You are at liberty

to show him this, and others whom you can trust also, but let not my address be known. He can write to the House of Commons.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES S. PARNELL.

The letter was given in facsimile, and the article stated that, though the body of the manuscript was not in Charley's handwriting, the signature and the words " Yours very truly " were obviously his. " If any member of Parliament," said the writer of the article, " doubts the fact, he can easily satisfy himself in the matter by comparing the handwriting with that of Mr. Parnell in the book containing the signatures of members when they first take their seats in the House of Commons."

I came over to England from America when the Commission was sitting, and then carefully examined the original letter. I had no hesitation in saying that the signature was not that of my brother, while the style in which the letter was written was not at all like that which he used in either writing or speaking.

The news spread like wildfire, and I am afraid was generally believed in. On the evening of the publication of the letter Charley went into the House of Commons without having the slightest idea of what had happened, as he had not read the *Times*, and had not been informed by anybody of the serious allegation that had been made

against him. Before he entered the Chamber he met Mr. Harrington, who told him what had happened, and they went into the library and carefully examined the facsimile letter in the *Times*. Charley seemed perfectly unconcerned, and simply pointed to the S in his supposed signature, and observed in a casual tone of voice: "I did not make an S like that since 1878."

Charley's Explanation.

On that same evening Charley rose from his place in the House, amid an intense hush, and made a statement with regard to the *Times* letter which incidentally gives some interesting sidelights on his character and shows his own methods of writing.

After referring to the letter as a "precious concoction," he said that he supposed at first that the blank sheet containing his signature, such as many members are frequently asked for, had fallen into improper hands and been misused; but when he actually saw the facsimile he at once recognized that it was an "audacious and unblushing fabrication," there being only two letters in the whole signature which bore any resemblance to his own method of writing his name. He continued:

> Its whole character is entirely different. I unfortunately write a very cramped hand,

my letters huddle into each other, and I write with great difficulty and slowness. It is, in fact, a labour and a toil for me to write anything at all. But the signature in question is written by a ready penman, who has evidently covered as many leagues of letter paper in his life as I have yards. . . . The letter does not purport to be in my handwriting. We are not informed who has written it. It is not even alleged that it was written by anyone who was ever associated with me. The name of the anonymous letter-writer is not mentioned. I do not know who he can be. The writing is strange to me. I think I should insult myself if I said—I think, however, that I perhaps ought to say it, in order that my denial may be full and complete —that I certainly never heard of the letter. I never directed such a letter to be written. I never saw such a letter before I saw it in the *Times*. The subject-matter of the letter is preposterous on the surface. The phraseology of it is absurd—as absurd as any phraseology that could be attributed to me could possibly be. In every part of it it bears absolute and irrefutable evidence of want of genuineness and want of authenticity.

The matter was not openly referred to again for some time, but the articles under the heading "Parnellism and Crime" still continued to appear in the *Times*. Then, owing to certain references

made to him in the course of the articles, Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, a former M.P., brought an action for libel against the *Times*. During the hearing of the action further allegations were made against my brother and his party.

The Commission.

Charley now found himself obliged to do something to clear his character. Accordingly, he asked the Government to appoint a Select Committee to inquire as to the authorship of the letter. The Government would not agree to this, but instead appointed a Special Commission on August 13, 1888, to investigate the accuracy of the charges made by the *Times* throughout the articles complained of—a reference about as wide as could possibly be conceived. The Special Commission consisted of Mr. Justice Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice Smith, with the Attorney-General leading for the *Times*, and Sir Charles Russell leading for Charley.

The preliminary proceedings were very lengthy, and dealt with all manner of irrelevant subjects, witnesses being called from all parts of Ireland. Finally, however, Pigott, who was said to have sold the letters to the *Times*, was put into the box. His cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell was one of the most searching and merciless on record. Pigott was given a number of words to write, and

it was found that those misspelt in the letters were also misspelt by him. This was a very important point, because it was known that my brother was accurate to a degree about his spelling.

On the day following his cross-examination, Pigott was found to be absent, and news of his death was received later, under circumstances which are described farther on in my book.

I was in court with Charley during the Pigott trial, and noticed that he watched the proceedings with extreme nervousness. He was in very bad health at this time, and the publication of these forgeries, with the calumnies to which they gave rise, and the strain of the long trial, visibly affected him, weighed down as he already was with the presentiment of impending calamity.

One evening, after the case had concluded for the day, I went round with Charley to Sir Charles Russell's office, where an angry scene occurred. Sir Charles refused to follow Charley's advice on a certain point connected with the conduct of the case, and heated words were exchanged. Charley and I went round to the Charing Cross Hotel for dinner, and I remember his remarking in a tone of utter weariness and depression: "Everyone is against me—even my own counsel and the Irish people. They are all right so long as they have their hands in your pocket. But I know that I shall have a fairer trial in England than in Ireland, where both Judge and jurors are bought."

Charley, who was looking very ill, then entered the box, and calmly denied the accusations against him, though with the disappearance of Pigott the purpose of the proceedings was really at an end. The Commission, however, still continued for some weeks, and there was a further lapse before the report was issued.

In their finding, the Commission held that the Nationalist M.P.'s had not collectively engaged in any conspiracy to obtain the independence of Ireland, but that certain Nationalists inside and outside Parliament were anxious for separation, and that some of them wished to use the Land League as an indirect means towards separation.

The report of the Commission, the text of which was very lengthy, really produced nothing of any value. What everyone wanted to know was whether the letter signed "Charles S. Parnell" was actually in my brother's handwriting. That was decided once and for all by Pigott's evidence in the witness-box, and his subsequent flight and confession, followed by his suicide.

An Ovation.

Charley's next appearance in the House was the sign for a demonstration almost unique in history. When he walked to his place, the whole of the Liberal party, including the Front Bench, rose to their feet and cheered, while a large number of

the Tories followed their example. The wildest enthusiasm, of course, prevailed on the Irish benches.

Charley's attitude was characteristic. As he sat down, apparently unconcerned, though his pale face and the twitching of his hands betrayed his deep emotion, he remarked to the member next him: "Why do you fellows stand up? It almost frightened me."

This was the height of Charley's glory. Few, however, realized—perhaps not even himself—that the clouds which had for some time been gathering over his head, were so soon to burst.

BOOK IV

A LOSING FIGHT

"Wail ye, wail ye for the Mighty One! Wail ye, wail ye for the dead!
Quench the hearth and hold the breath—with ashes strew the head."

DAVIS

CHAPTER I

THE DIVORCE, AND AFTER

I FEEL bound briefly to refer to this unfortunate affair, as it proved to be the turning-point of Charley's career. Charley had known Captain O'Shea for many years. He had, as I have stated, acted as an intermediary between my brother, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Chamberlain, with the result that the understanding known as the Kilmainham Treaty was arrived at. The first meeting between Charley and Mrs. O'Shea was at a dinner-party in London, when she referred to him by the name under which he is still known in the West of Ireland—"The Uncrowned King."

An intimate friendship had sprung up between Charley and the O'Sheas, who were then living near to one another at Eltham in Kent. In 1881 Captain O'Shea found a portmanteau belonging to Charley in his house. He immediately challenged him to a duel in France, but the matter, through the intercession of Mrs. O'Shea, was smoothed over.

At the General Election of 1886, Mr. T. P. O'Connor having been elected for both Galway

and the Scotland Division of Liverpool, chose to sit for the latter constituency. Charley insisted upon putting up Captain O'Shea for the vacant seat, in spite of strong opposition, even among his own adherents, including Mr. Biggar. The crowd at Galway, which Charley addressed, was a sullen and even a hostile one; but Charley managed to bring it round to his views, or at any rate to arouse sufficient loyalty to himself to get Captain O'Shea returned at the head of the poll. The incident, however, roused many of Charley's most devoted supporters to very plain language as to his using his political influence on behalf of a man with the name of whose wife rumour associated him.

I always suspected Captain O'Shea of being a false friend of Charley's, and simply waiting his time to strike a fatal blow. As I said to a gentleman who knew both parties: "Don't you think, if there was anything in it, that Captain O'Shea would have found it out and taken some action long before the divorce suit?"

It was just when Charley's career never seemed more promising that Captain O'Shea filed his petition for divorce, on December 28, 1889. When served with the divorce papers, Charley, as usual, showed no emotion, but negligently threw them on one side. I do not think, however, that he entirely realized how critical his condition was.

The trial commenced on Saturday, November 15.

To my knowledge, it was Charley's original intention to defend the proceedings, but some of his friends persuaded him not to do so. I do not propose to revive any of the evidence given in the course of the case. It is sufficient to say that a *decree nisi* was pronounced, which in due course was made absolute. As far as our family was concerned, we were unanimous in regarding the institution of proceedings at this time as being due to a political plot, having for its object the ruin of Charley. Personally I was of opinion that O'Shea himself was directly responsible, and was not acting simply on his own accord. Our mother's views, given in her usual direct language, seem worth quoting. She said in her letter to me: "It was a Government plot to ruin him and get rid of him out of Irish political life." Not alone from her, but from many people in a position to know, I gathered that, unable to beat Charley in fair fight, his political enemies had chosen this means of attacking him from behind.

Directly the divorce decree was declared absolute—I think in June, 1891—Charley married Mrs. O'Shea. I was not in England at the time, but friends who were present at the ceremony say that Charley's appearance was a very painful one. He looked thoroughly miserable and worn-out, and a physical wreck. After the marriage they went to live at 9, Walsingham Terrace, West Brighton.

A Visit to Mrs. Parnell.

It was after my brother's death that the settling up of his legal affairs necessitated my having an interview with his widow, whom I had not met up till now. I therefore went across from Avondale to Brighton, where I spent a few days helping Mrs. Parnell to arrange matters.

When I arrived at the house, I was shown into Charley's sitting-room. It looked dreary enough, with many of his familiar possessions meeting the eye on every side; and it seemed to me still more sad when two of his favourite setters came in, and rushing up to the arm-chair where I was sitting—his own arm-chair—overwhelmed me with caresses. In a few moments Mrs. C. S. Parnell herself came in and welcomed me with a very sad smile. She insisted that I should remain in the arm-chair, saying how very much I resembled Charley, who was always talking about me and my fruit-growing in America.

She seemed just such a woman as would attract Charley—a brilliant conversationalist, keen on society, and giving the impression that altogether, with her talent and fascination and her undoubted regard for him, she might have, under other circumstances, exercised a great influence in Irish politics. The two of us, with Mr. Hawks-

ley, her solicitor, and Mr. Campbell, who had come over with me from Ireland, discussed the arrangement of Charley's affairs during this and several subsequent visits.

I remained in Brighton for about a week, going out walking every day with Charley's dogs, who became very fond of me. In the evenings Mrs. Parnell, the Misses O'Shea, and Mr. Harrison, a great friend of Charley's, used to visit me in my parlour. I frequently played chess with my sister-in-law, who was quite a good player, and who said that she often tried to get Charley to have a game of chess with her in order to distract his mind, but after playing for a little time he usually complained of a headache.

On the whole, considering the unfortunate occasion of my visit, I spent a pleasant time during my week at Brighton. I noticed that on every occasion when I called on her, Mrs. Parnell made me sit in Charley's arm-chair. When I was leaving and saying good-bye to her at the door, she asked me to come and see her again before I went back to Ireland. I wrote to her just before going, saying that I proposed coming down to see her, but she wired me not to come, as she was ill. That was the only time that I saw Mrs. Parnell, and I have had no direct communication with her since, though she wrote on one occasion to her solicitor to say that she would be glad to see me, but not any other members of my family, owing

to the bitterness which prevailed between them. I often wished for an opportunity of seeing her, but it never came.

The Party's Attitude.

The *decree nisi* was pronounced on November 17, 1890.

The question was, What was going to be the attitude of Charley's party towards himself under these altered circumstances?

On November 18, the day following the announcement of the judgment, a crowded meeting of the National League was held in Dublin, with Mr. John Redmond in the chair. The attitude of all the speakers was one of unswerving loyalty towards their leader. The divorce proceedings were regarded simply as a side-issue which did not in any way interfere with Charley's political position or future. A unanimous resolution embodying these views was passed by the meeting, and on the following day an inspired statement was issued by the *Freeman's Journal*, stating that Charley had no intention of resigning his position. Individual members of the Irish party expressed in newspaper interviews their intention of loyally supporting their leader, and even Mr. Labouchere supported him in *Truth*.

A mass meeting of Irish Nationalists and Liberals held on November 20 at the Leinster

Hall, Dublin, still more emphatically voiced the support of the Irish people. A few sentences from the speeches of the principal members of the party give some idea of the spirit that then prevailed:

> I say it would be foolish and absurd in the highest degree were we at a moment like this, because of a temporary outcry over a case that in London would be forgotten to-morrow if there were a repetition of the Whitechapel murders . . . to surrender the great Chief who has led us so far forward (*Mr. Healy*).
>
> I ask you, Suppose a man has gone morally wrong in some case, through whatever temptation we know not, is that the least reason to excuse him from doing his duty to the people whom he is leading to victory ? (*Mr. McCarthy*).
>
> Were the soldiers of the Nile and the soldiers of Waterloo to stand still in the moment of combative battle to inquire whether their commander had observed one of the ten commandments ? (*The McDermott*).

The resolution passed unanimously at this meeting was couched in the following terms:

> That this meeting, interpreting the sentiment of the Irish people that no side-issue shall be permitted to obstruct the progress of the great cause of Home Rule for Ireland, declares that in all political matters Mr. Parnell

> possesses the confidence of the Irish nation, and that this meeting rejoices at the determination of the Irish Parliamentary party to stand by their leader.

That a similar feeling existed in America was shown by the following cablegram, sent by four of the five delegates* who had just been sent to the United States to collect funds for the Irish cause:

> We stand firmly by the leadership of the man who has brought the Irish people through unparalleled difficulties and dangers, from servitude and despair, to the very threshold of emancipation, with a genius, courage, and success, unequalled in our history. We do so, not only on the ground of gratitude for those imperishable services in the past, but in the profound conviction that Parnell's statesmanship and matchless qualities as a leader are essential to the safety of our cause.

The above assurances would seem to be as definite pledges of support as could possibly be given by a party to its leader. The facts of the divorce case were public property. They had

* The four delegates who signed this cablegram were Messrs. T. P. O'Connor, William O'Brien, John Dillon, and T. Harrington, while Mr. T. D. Sullivan was the one who refused to sign it.

long been the subject of rumour, but had now been confirmed by sworn evidence in court, and by the granting of the decree by the Judge. In spite of this, the Irish party had declared that they would stand by their leader whatever had happened.

The matter therefore might have been considered at an end. It would, of course, have left a slur upon Charley's character. But such a slur would only have been of a passing nature.

It might have been thought that the Irish party, and they alone, were the fitting tribunal, so far as politics were concerned, to sit in judgment upon their leader. They had, as a matter of fact, as we have seen, actually done so, and returned a unanimous verdict of "Not guilty." How far they were justified in reversing their decision, on the ground that, when they had first decided to support Charley, they had forgotten to take into consideration the effect that the divorce would have in other quarters, is a question which nobody seems to have answered very satisfactorily. The best defence of those who ruined my brother, by breaking away from his leadership and creating a split in the party, is the plea of policy. So far as that policy was a personal one, there may have been some slight, if shortsighted, reason for their going back on their word in this manner. As a matter of national policy, it was amply discredited by future events.

The considerations which the Irish party in their first flush of enthusiasm completely ignored were, first, the attitude of the Liberal party, and above all of Mr. Gladstone; and, secondly, the attitude of the Irish priests. I think I am right in saying that at this time the Irish party neglected to consider, or at any rate minimized, these two very important considerations. Charley on his part fully appreciated their value, but put his whole faith in the loyalty of his party.

How mistaken both were events will show.

CHAPTER II

THE GOD FROM THE MACHINE

Danger.

At first it would seem that Charley's position was unaffected. But this, as I have said, was due to leaving two important considerations out of the question. Moreover, the Irish mind is much quicker at arriving at decisions than the English one, which is slower but more stable.

Signs of opposition to Charley in England on the ground of the divorce case became gradually more and more evident. The newspapers and other periodicals of both parties, and especially the religious and labour organs, started the cry which became more general every day: "Parnell must go."

But their agitation would have died a natural death had it not received official support. The first sign that the Liberal party were going to turn on Charley was shown at the meeting at Sheffield, on November 21, of the National Liberal Federation. The speeches actually delivered in public were non-committal. But in private Mr. Morley

and Sir William Harcourt, both of whom were present at the conference, learned that the English Nonconformists were determined, as usual, to show no mercy towards moral delinquency, however high the character borne by the delinquent. The Nonconformist party have always had a strong influence in English politics, and, of course, the Liberals would in any event be unable to stand without their support. Indeed, the Irish Nationalists might very well have seen that the Nonconformists would be certain to judge Charley on the moral issue alone, and that their judgment was certain to be implacably unfavourable. Mr. Gladstone, besides being influenced by them from party motives, was also one who could not dissociate private morality from public usefulness. His decision was therefore soon made up.

Mr. Gladstone's Letter.

On November 24, 1891, he wrote that letter to Mr. Morley which proved to be the turning-point of Charley's whole career. In it the Liberal leader unhesitatingly threw his whole weight into the scale against his ally. I shall content myself with quoting a single sentence from the long letter, which expresses Mr. Gladstone's attitude in a nutshell. After referring to the fact that, in view of the opening of the session on the following day,

he had felt himself compelled to arrive at a decision at once, he refers to that decision in the following words:

> It was that, notwithstanding the splendid services rendered by Mr. Parnell to his country, his continuance at the present moment in the leadership would be productive of consequences disastrous in the highest degree to the cause of Ireland.

It was not so much the letter itself which did the harm, but the fact that it was communicated to the Press before the Irish party and Charley himself had had an opportunity of considering. The means by which it was hurried into publication on the very day on which Parliament had assembled appears to have been that it was given by Mr. Gladstone to Mr. John Morley, who passed it on to the Chief Whip, Mr. Arnold Morley, who dictated it in his own room to a representative of the Press Association. It was published in that evening's papers, and many of the Irish members actually in the House did not know of its existence until they saw it in print.

Earlier in the day the Irish party had met as usual to elect their chairman for the session. Amidst many enthusiastic expressions of undying support, Charley was unanimously re-elected to that position.

Then the rumour spread, becoming more and

more certain, that Gladstone had thrown Charley overboard, and that by a communication published behind his back.

It was felt that the election which had just been held to decide the leadership must, under the circumstances, be a void one, and a fresh meeting was therefore fixed for the next day (November 26).

But in that short space of time the undying loyalty of a section of Charley's supporters had already begun to melt away, once he was publicly disowned by Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party. Charley's attitude when he took the chair at this meeting showed not the slightest sign of concern. He arrived a little after time, and directly he entered Mr. Barry rose with a suggestion that it might be advisable for him to retire, at any rate for a period, from the leadership of the party. His voice was not the only one that showed that the Irish party were no longer united in support of their leader, though there were many members who expressed their adherence to Charley and urged him to fight to the last. The meeting, at which Charley did not utter a word, was finally adjourned until the following Monday, December 1.

It is important to note that it was at this meeting that the question was first raised as to how the position of the evicted tenants who were being supported under the Plan of Campaign would be affected by the continuance of Charley's leadership. The fear expressed then and afterwards

was that the alienation of English Liberal and most likely of American Nationalist sympathies would make it impossible to continue to provide the funds to enable them to resist the landlords. This question of how far his continuance in the chieftainship would result in the starvation of those whose interests he had ever at heart, and for whom he had devoted his whole life, was undoubtedly the one that weighed most heavily with Charley.

CHAPTER III

CHARLEY'S BETRAYAL

A Party Conclave.

Charley now decided that it was time for him to place his views definitely before his party. He accordingly invited a number of his more intimate friends to meet him at Dr. Fitzgerald's rooms, near Victoria Station. Among those who arrived were Messrs. John and William Redmond, J. J. O'Kelly, Leamy, and Colonel Nolan.

Charley at once announced, pointing to a pile of manuscript on the table before him, that he had written a letter to the Press which he intended reading to them. He wished, however, to have Mr. Justin McCarthy present also, and he was sent for. Directly McCarthy arrived, Charley began to read, in low but distinct tones, his famous manifesto (see Appendix F).

When Charley had finished reading the manifesto, Mr. McCarthy said that he was opposed to it, and that, as there was no likelihood of Charley altering his opinion, he would leave. The others, however, welcomed Charley's utterance, and reiterated their promises of support.

The split in the Irish party then definitely began with the signature by the American delegates (except Mr. Harrington) and Messrs. Dillon, William O'Brien, and T. P. O'Connor, repudiating Charley's leadership, and ranging themselves on the side of the Liberals under Mr. Gladstone.

A series of important conferences, which soon came to take more of the nature of battles, were now held in Committee Room 15, the headquarters of the Nationalist organization in the House of Commons. The Anti-Parnellites opened fire point-blank by moving: "That Mr. Parnell's tenure of the chairmanship of this party is hereby terminated." Charley, however, ruled this resolution out of order, as he pointed out that a motion was already before the party in the following terms: "That a full meeting of the party be held on Friday to give Mr. Parnell an opportunity to reconsider his position." Colonel Nolan, a keen supporter of Charley's, then moved: "That the party should meet in Dublin and settle the question there"; but this resolution was defeated by 44 votes to 29. During the course of this meeting, at which no definite result was arrived at, Mr. John Redmond remarked: "When we are asked to sell our leader to preserve the English alliance, it seems to me that we are bound to inquire what we are getting for the price we are paying." Charley had ready his comment on this, and it was an apt one. "Don't sell me for nothing," he said.

"If you get my value, you may change me to-morrow."

At the next conference, Mr. Clancy, an Anti-Parnellite, moved: "That the Whips of the party be instructed to obtain from Mr. Gladstone, Mr. John Morley, and Sir William Harcourt, definite information on the vital questions of the constabulary and the land." Four delegates were accordingly appointed to wait on Mr. Gladstone and obtain his views on these matters.

Mr. Gladstone, however, refused to be drawn from the track by any red herring of Home Rule. "The question we have now to decide," he said, "is the leadership of the Irish party."

The discussions in Room 15, after becoming more and more embittered, resulted in the withdrawal of Mr. McCarthy at the head of a section consisting of forty-four members, while Charley continued to command a faithful following of twenty-six.

The Kilkenny Election.

Finding that there was a vacancy in North Kilkenny, Charley determined to open his campaign against Mr. Gladstone and the members who had seceded from his own party by making certain that the candidate returned would support him. Sir John Pope Hennessy was the official Nationalist candidate, but he had fallen under

the influence of the Anti-Parnellites, and Charley determined to oppose him by Mr. Vincent Scully, in whom he felt he could rely implicitly.

Charley was at this time in very bad health indeed, and the strain of his position was already beginning to tell badly upon him. He had lost a great deal of the invariable smartness of dress and appearance for which he was formerly noted. His stoutness, which had become so marked about 1885, had now deserted him, and for the first time in his life his former erect carriage was replaced by a slight stoop. His hair was already beginning to show traces of grey in parts, as The O'Donoghue, who was very much with him during these later years, once told me; his eyes had a wild, defiant look in them which was entirely new. He did not, however, allow his bodily health to interfere with his usual promptitude of action. Finding that *United Ireland*, his own newspaper, had come under the control of his enemies, he dismissed the editor and appointed Mr. Leamy in his place. He next attended a meeting at the Rotunda, one of the greatest which he ever addressed, where his reception was perhaps the most enthusiastic which he had received during his whole career. Then, hearing that the offices of his newspaper had been occupied by the seceders, who had driven out his own staff, he stormed the premises at the head of a large crowd, and put his men once more back in charge.

In spite of all attempts to keep the platform clear, there was a gigantic crowd at Kingsbridge Station to see Charley off to Cork, whither he was bound to rally his own constituents. He then went on to Kilkenny, where his terrible alteration in health was soon the subject of alarmed discussion among his supporters. He was able, however, both there and at Cork, to deliver a series of vigorous telling speeches, and to get his organization into full swing.

The Power of the Church.

Although he fought with incredible energy to the very end of the contest, Charley realized, long before the figures were announced, that he would lose Kilkenny. The reason was that the priests as a body were against him, and he then, as ever before, appreciated the power of the Catholic Church in Ireland, especially when now, for the first time, he came into open conflict with it. Of course, it was one thing for politicians to continue to regard him as Chief of his party, and to regard moral considerations as being entirely outside their scope of judgment. If the entire Irish party had done so, no one could have been very much surprised. Indeed, they would have been commended generally, both for their loyalty towards one who had led them so successfully in the past, and for their patriotism in still choosing the same

means to secure their country's independence. But with the Church it was a different matter. They were bound to uphold private morality by the articles of their creed, and they were also forced to do so by the strong public opinion existing among their flock, the Irish peasantry always having been one of the most strictly moral peoples of the world. But, as Charley had already observed, the influence of the priests was tremendous. Without them he could do nothing, in spite of his great name, the great services he had rendered to his country, and the great love the people bore him. With them, as had been the case in the past, he could do everything. Their attitude, however, was one of resolute opposition. It had to be so, and there was no possibility of its changing. Still Charley, his pride prevailing over his intellect, chose to continue the hopeless struggle.

Prolonged conferences then took place at Boulogne between Charley and Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon as to the chairmanship of the party. The seceders had elected Mr. McCarthy to that position, but Charley proposed, if satisfactory assurances should be obtained from Mr. Gladstone with regard to Home Rule, that he himself should resign the chairmanship of the party in favour of Mr. O'Brien or Mr. Dillon. The negotiations, however, proved abortive, and Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien were arrested, on warrants that had been enforced some time, when they returned to

England, and, on being released from prison about five months later, declared themselves openly to belong to the Anti-Parnellite party.

He still, however, attempted to regain his footing among the Irish electorate, but without success. At North Sligo and Carlow his candidates were beaten, but he still continued the fight. His last public speech was at Creggs, on September 27, 1891. He looked terribly ill then, and after the meeting went to Dublin, where he stopped for three days at the house of his friend Dr. Kenny. He then went to London, and on to his house at Brighton, where he was compelled to take to his bed. On October 5 he wrote to Sir Henry Thompson, but his death occurred on October 6.

How the Irish nation mourned their dead leader, how I myself received the sad news in America, will be told in the following chapter. But I think the most poignant expression of grief in connection with my poor brother's death was that which was contained in a letter which I received from our mother about three weeks later. I give some passages of it as a fitting close to this chapter:

> I have been so weak I could not write to you. The cruel blow prostrated me almost irrevocably—left me all but dead.
>
> Anger kept me up enough to see two or three reporters to tell what I thought—alas! with but too much truth. I would have died

rather than not denounce poor, poor Charles' murderers and called down vengeance on them. Gladstone will suffer for his knavish, brutal wickedness to his dying day. The Roman Catholic organization has become an abomination to man and to God.

Knowing how ill he had been for years, instead of healing his wound, his griefs, they had no mercy on him—they vowed his death. God will render to them full measure for their murderous, fiendish thoughts and actions. The widow—the mother—is heard in heaven. Your brother's blood cries aloud for vengeance.

CHAPTER IV

AFTER THE DEATH

The Funeral.

The body was brought to Dublin on Sunday, October 11, and, after a public lying-in-state in the City Hall during the morning, was borne to its last resting-place in Glasnevin Cemetery, accompanied by a gigantic concourse of people drawn from the remotest parts of Ireland.

Since then October 6 has always been a day in Dublin set apart for the commemoration of the lost Chief, whose emblem, the ivy leaf, is worn by countless thousands. I give the text of the card issued at the first anniversary of my brother's death, the words being by an intimate friend and supporter of his:

IN MEMORY OF THE CHIEF.

Gathered from Aughavannagh's rugged side,
Where we together oft in friendship came,
Where Lugnacuilla rears its crest of pride,
And Glenmalure enshrines a Nation's fame,
Emblem of solitude, from his own hills,
I lay this wreath where lies our glorious Chief,
To symbolize the solitude that fills
The Nation's lonely heart, that aches with endless grief.

W. J. Corbett.

Spring Farm,
October 6, 1892.

How I learned the News.

I was in Atlanta, Georgia, when I heard the news of my brother's death, which I refused to believe. I went to the Western Union Telegraph office and asked them if they had heard anything of the sad news, but on their telling me that nothing whatever had come over the cable concerning it I felt considerably relieved, and thought that the whole thing must be simply a baseless rumour. However, to make quite certain, I went round to see my friend Mr. Patrick Moran, the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, who said he had not heard of it, but asked me to call round at twelve o'clock that night, when he would know for certain about it. After walking about restlessly during the whole of the day until midnight, I returned to the newspaper office, where Mr. Moran told me that he had received confirmation of the sad news.

I went back to my hotel deeply shocked and grieved, for Charley, besides being my brother, had been my best friend from boyhood. I felt sad for our family, especially for our poor mother, whose favourite son he was; while I was bitterly angry with his political foes, and above all with his treacherous colleagues, for having ruined and practically killed him.

I went home and spent a few days thinking over my future plans, and then decided to return to Ireland. I took with me my mother, whom I

found perfectly broken down with grief in New York. We set sail for Europe in December, 1891. The weather was so bad when we arrived off Queenstown that we were unable to land, having to go on to Liverpool, whence we got another steamer back to Dublin. I left my mother at Mr. McDermott's, my brother-in-law and our family solicitor, while I hastened to Avondale to arrange for the winding up of the estate. Everywhere I found desolation and mourning for my late brother. It gave me a shock when I found in what a bad condition Charley's finances were, and how his sister Emily, who had been dependent on him, was almost starving. When I got there, Charley's workmen all gathered round me in a body, imploring me, with tears and outstretched hands, to do something for them.

A Desperate Hope.

The sight of these men without work or food made me take a sudden resolve, which may have seemed foolish at the time, but which experience justified. I had no money with me, my funds being all invested in my American fruit farms, but I determined to make Avondale pay, though Charley had never done so.

The foreman of the sawmills was a man named Pat Bennet, extremely capable at his work, and a most genial and pleasant fellow to talk to. After

talking to him for some time, and asking him what work it was possible for him to get on with, he suddenly said: "Well, Mr. John, if you will let me cut down an elm-tree, I'll go into town now and try to get some orders for sawn timber." I was rather sceptical about Pat's getting sufficient orders in Rathdrum to pay the men at the sawmill, let alone the other men on the place, but I said: "Well, try and get some orders, and good luck to you."

When Pat returned from Rathdrum he brought with him orders for pieces of elm timber for making coffins—a good omen, though it did not strike me at once as being so; and I felt certain that in my place Charley, with his superstitions, would have rejected the order. When the next Saturday came round, Pat came to me, and, to my astonishment, said: "Well, Mr. John, I have paid the sawmill men, and here is ten shillings left over for your honour." This, though amusing, was a good beginning, and afterwards the money began to flow in.

Out of that small beginning grew quite a thriving business, in which I might still be engaged, both pleasurably and profitably, if Charley's debts had not forced me to sell Avondale.

Still, I always felt a sadness at being alone down there, where Charley and I had spent so many happy hours together, and where I so often thought of him, even when the country was at its loveliest, with a pang of bitterness and regret.

CHAPTER V

A VISION

Charley's Bedside Visit.

I am going, at the risk of being laughed at, to recount an experience which befell me several years after my brother's death, when I am convinced I was visited by his spirit.

Throughout his lifetime, when we happened to be together, Charley, if he wished to talk to me particularly, always walked into my bedroom about two o'clock in the morning and woke me up. Some of the more striking instances of these early visits, all of which occurred almost exactly at the same hour—2 a.m.—are the following:

In 1874, when he persuaded me to stand for County Wicklow in the place of himself, he came into my bedroom under circumstances I have already described, and woke me up exactly at that hour.

When he began to take an interest in the Whinstone quarry at Arklow, he woke me up, once again at 2 a.m., and tried to persuade me to drive out with him and inspect the site, as Lord Carysfort's men might prevent him doing so in the daytime.

However, as I had got a bad cold, and had just returned from the warm climate of Georgia, I excused myself and stopped in bed.

Another time he came to my bedroom, once more exactly at 2 a.m., and woke me up, saying: "John, I want to walk over the mountain to Aughavannagh to look at the turf on Blackrock." On this occasion I went with him, having a very enjoyable walk of about nine miles over the hills.

The same thing occurred frequently during his political career, whenever he experienced difficulty in arriving at an important political decision.

In 1897 I was stopping at Avondale, having come from the House of Commons, of which I had been a member, of the Nationalist party under Mr. John Redmond.

I was lying in bed in the same room to which Charley had come to see me on previous occasions. I was half asleep and half awake. I saw my brother Charley sitting at my bedside with the collar of his great-coat turned up round his neck, as he generally wore it when he came to see me at that time. I noticed by my watch that it was then two o'clock. For some reason I did not feel strange to see him there and to hear his voice: he was talking about politics, a subject which he very rarely discussed. I remember asking him what were the prospects of Unity. He replied that the parties would unite under John Redmond.

Then he got quite angry, and cried out that Harrington was standing in the way.

The vision then vanished.

I did not understand why he said that Harrington was standing in the way, because I considered that Mr. Harrington was for Unity, with myself. Doubtless there was some explanation of this, but I never learned it. Naturally, I did not sleep again that night, and for days after I lay wide awake, waiting for my brother to return. But the vision never came back.

If, however, Charley's spirit has never since returned to me, as I am certain it did that night, his image is often visibly present in my dreams, and his memory is never absent.

APPENDICES

" In her deepest hour of sorrow, in her hour of darkest shame,
Thy country still will treasure the glory of thy name.
In her greatest hour of triumph, when her history shall bear
To the future all her glory, thine shall be foremost there."

Vision of King Brian.

AN EXPLANATION.

In case the reader should, as is often the way, lay this book aside, fearing that anything in the nature of an appendix must of necessity contain matter too hopelessly dry for insertion in the body of the book, I hasten to assure him that such is not the case in the present work.

That is to say that, far from considering the following pages as being so heavy that they would have been skipped if I had introduced them in order of date, they have been kept separate because I feared that they might prove too interesting in themselves, and so destroy the continuity of the story of my brother's life.

APPENDIX A

CHARLEY'S SUPERSTITIONS

Luck and Ill-Luck.

I did not notice any particular instances of superstition in Charley during his childhood and boyhood. But in later life a tendency to ascribe an omen for good or ill to the most trivial occurrence, and to see the finger of Fate in the most commonplace objects, became very noticeable. I think it was after the railway accident in America that Charley first began to develop this curious trait in his character.

One of his most remarkable superstitions was his aversion to the colour green, although it was the national colour of Ireland. Accordingly, he never wore a coat or tie that had the slightest tinge of green in its material, and, as I mention elsewhere, steadily refused to wear the fine green travelling-rug which was presented to him.* He carried to strange limits this dislike to the colour green in any shape or form. Once he wrote home to one of his sisters—I believe Mrs. Dickinson—who had told him that she had just had his room at Avondale repapered, saying: "I hope you have not had my room done in green, as, if so, I shall never use it."

Another time a lady whom he knew well called to see him at the House of Commons. He came along the corridor to the Lobby, where she was waiting, and had already stretched out his hand in welcome, when he

* See Appendix B.

suddenly put it behind his back, and said, with a mixture of horror and disgust: "Excuse my asking, but what is the colour of the dress you are wearing?" The lady, who did not know Charley's idiosyncrasy in that direction, replied, quite innocently: "Why, Mr. Parnell, are you colour-blind? Of course it's green." Charley replied: "In that case I am afraid that I must ask you to excuse my shaking hands with you." He made a few curt remarks with an obviously uneasy manner, and then, pleading an excuse, hurried away, leaving the lady very much puzzled, and somewhat offended at his strange manner, the reason for which was afterwards explained to her.

The Unlucky Number.

The number 13, of course, was always an unlucky one, in his opinion. He steadily refused, even at the risk of annoying or offending his host, to sit down thirteen at table. On one occasion he had put up at a country hotel during election time, and had gone up to his room to prepare himself for dinner. The friend who was travelling with him, and who occupied a room next to Charley's, was surprised a moment or so later to hear a knock on his door, and to find, when he opened it, Charley standing in the passage with his bag, looking very much upset. The friend asked what was the matter, and he replied by pointing to the number on his door, which was 13, and remarking: "What a room to give me! I suppose the landlord is a Tory, and has done this on purpose." The friend insisted on exchanging rooms, although Charley declared that if No. 13 was slept in they would lose the election. The election, however, was won, but two little incidents which occurred confirmed Charley in his opinion as to the ill-luck attached to the number 13. His friend, on trying to open the window in the ill-fated room, let it fall heavily on his hand, and, being unable to extricate it,

had to cry out for help. Charley rushed in and lifted the window, advising his friend very strongly to take warning by this preliminary mishap, and leave the room at once. The friend declined, and at lunch what served as another manifestation occurred. The friend, in trying to open a bottle of soda-water with his bad hand, let the cork jump out and hit him full in the eye. This Charley considered quite decided the fate of the elections, and he could hardly be persuaded to believe that the figures were correct when the result was announced.

Funerals always caused him intense dread, and he never could be persuaded to attend one, even when the deceased happened to be one of his most intimate friends. He caused on one occasion a thrill through Ireland by a remark with regard to a funeral, the real meaning of which was, I think, generally misinterpreted. It was during the desperate fight for Kilkenny in 1890, when his own candidate was opposed by Mr. Pope Hennessy. Charley was in the midst of addressing a meeting, when a space was made in the ranks of the crowd to allow a funeral cortège to pass. Stopping short in his speech, Charley pointed his finger at the hearse, and made the extraordinary remark, which was taken in very bad part, even by his own supporters, in many parts of Ireland: "There goes the corpse of Pope Hennessy." I think what he really meant was that the fact of the funeral passing while he was delivering his speech was a bad omen for his opponents, towards whom, or towards the actual corpse itself, he intended no disrespect.

A somewhat similar superstition was shown during his illness in 1882, when he and Mr. Healy were working at the draft constitution of the National League in October, 1882. My brother was then in bad health, and was lying in bed while Mr. Healy was writing at a table by the light of four candles. Mr. Healy relates that after writing for several hours one of the candles went out. Almost

immediately Charley leaned out of bed and blew out one of the remaining candles, crying as he did so: "Don't you know that there is nothing more unlucky than to have three candles burning? You would have found that your constitution would not have proved very successful." The superstition as to the three candles is, however, a very general one in Europe, and in Ireland it is generally associated with the three candles which are burned at wakes.

Ill-Omened October.

With regard to October, he always regarded that as an unlucky month, and began to show signs of uneasiness when it approached, often remarking: "Something is sure to happen in October."

His superstition, to a certain extent, was borne out by facts, many of the important crises of his life, both of a favourable and unfavourable nature, occurring in October. For instance, his election as President of the Land League took place in October, 1879. In October, 1880, the Government instituted the State prosecutions which were due to the agrarian outrages. In October, 1881, he was arrested, and the date was doubly ominous, for it was the 13th of October. In October, 1886, after the rejection of the Home Rule Bill, he became critically ill, and for a time lay at the point of death. It was at the same time that the Plan of Campaign was published without his consent, considerably obstructing his policy. Finally, it was in October, 1891, that he died at Brighton.

Charley always had a great dread of the bad results that would follow the falling of an object (such as a picture or ornament) without any obvious cause. He was seriously upset on one occasion by a statue falling close beside him in a country chapel where he happened to be standing listening to the priest. Spiritualism and palmistry, however, he always regarded with great con-

tempt, and laughed at Fanny and myself for going round to have our fortunes told. On the other hand, I do not share his superstition as to the figure 13. For one thing, my marriage, which has been a most happy one, took place on the 13th of the month, in spite of the advice of friends to choose a more propitious date, and I remember winning an important chess tournament when seated at table No. 13. I distinctly remember, however, our mother keenly inspecting the street-cars in New York to make quite certain that she was not getting on a No. 13.

Although these superstitions may seem trivial, and even ridiculous, they certainly had a great influence on Charley's actions, and sometimes even decided him at a critical turning-point in his affairs.

APPENDIX B

CHARLEY'S INFLUENCE IN AMERICA

The Emigrants.

At the time of Charley's visit to America in 1880, he found a large number of newly-emigrated Irish who had been driven from their own country during the famine years. They were mostly to be found in the Northern States. The Land League did not arouse immediate enthusiasm in America, as the people over there said: "If the Irish complain, why don't they come over here where there is plenty of land for them?" Another section of the native-born Americans believed that, no matter what was done for the relief of the famine sufferers, things would be as bad again in a few years' time. Charley's tour, however, did a great deal to rouse the Americans from their apathy. Branches of the Land League were opened all over the country. As I have already mentioned, Mr. Patrick Moran, the night editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, asked me to assist him in the opening of a branch at Atlanta. I spoke at the inaugural meeting, which was very successful. A few days later the President of the Irish Society wrote to me asking me to come down to Savannah, Georgia, to organize the Land League there. Mr. Doyle, one of the most prominent Irishmen in the city, presided at the open-air meeting, and I was called upon to speak, but deferred doing so until the massed meeting held in the opera-house, which proved to be a large and enthusiastic one. Next day I went to see the Irish Rifle Team

doing some excellent practice on their grounds near Savannah.

Then I went to New York, and attended a great many meetings there, including several at which Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Healy were present. It was at one of these that my mother delivered her first public speech, which was very much to the point, and was very well received. Besides attending meetings and speaking at them, I was also present at several Irish language gatherings. My mother and Miss Ford showed great energy in organizing branches of the Ladies' League, travelling incessantly up and down the country.

By then Charley's name and fame had spread throughout the States, and at the hotels and on the railroads my mother and myself were constantly asked whether we were related to the great Irish agitator.

A Negro Parnell.

Some time later I was asked by the postmaster at West Point, where I lived, if I would come with him to a negro meeting. Although it was not the custom for whites to attend the meetings of coloured persons, we went round, and became very interested in the speeches. I remember one negro concluding his speech by saying, "I wish we poor black folk had a black Parnell," a remark which they all cheered. This was some considerable time after my brother's visit in 1880, but it showed, as I found everywhere, how his memory was an enduring one among all those interested in the cause of freedom. One night, when I was lodging in Atlanta, I was coming away at a rather late hour from the chess club, and had to walk through one of the dangerous parts of the city where there had recently been several murders and robberies. I was just passing out of the shadows of a railway bridge, when I heard rapid footsteps behind me. Thinking it was a

robber, I turned round sharply, but found it was a negro who knew me, and wished to speak to me. He cried out directly he got within speaking distance: "Boss, how is that terrible brother of yours? He is a great man. I saw him at your place when I was a little coon. I wish we had one like him here in the States."

Even when I was crossing to Ireland as late as 1889, I found the conversation at meals almost always drifting round to my brother. On one occasion, when several people opposite me were discussing Charley's career, a gentleman who knew me by sight leant over and whispered to them, and I just overheard the remark: "Be careful what you are saying; that man sitting there is the great man's brother."

Charley, in fact, during the height of his career became a sort of national hero in America, and his influence on the Irish population over there was felt throughout his life. His character especially appealed to the American idea, and the fact that he was essentially a fighter, and above all a successful one, also gained him their admiration.

I was spending a good deal of time during these days in America, where I was attending to my own fruit-farming business in Atlanta, Georgia, though, of course, I was in constant communication with my brother, and followed his career in the newspapers. My experiences were many and varied, and the following is a typical instance, and will give some idea of the conditions of life in the wildest parts of America at that time, and how even among the most desperate and lawless characters the name of my brother served me as a passport.

A Trip to the Mountains.

A number of my friends persuaded me to go with them for a trip to the mountains of North Georgia, which were then a very inaccessible portion of the State, inhabited

by a lawless body of men who lived principally by trading in corn and honey, and—what was far more profitable—illicit whisky. However, no revenue officer dared to venture into these mountain fastnesses and seize the stills without running a very great danger of being shot.

With the exception of the captain of the expedition and myself, our party consisted of hardy young men, only too glad for an adventure with the spice of danger. We brought with us, not only our guns, but plenty of fishing rods and tackle, as the place for which we were bound was the only part of Georgia where the real speckled trout could be obtained. I do not consider, however, that they were at all like our own trout, which I used so often to catch round Avondale and Aughavannagh. They had yellow flesh, and would not take the fly as bait, but only a form of chrysalis that is found under the rocks.

We went by train from Atlanta to a place called Marietta, from which we took an ox-waggon to carry our things to the mountains, following ourselves in a wagonette. We had to go for about thirty miles through a wild, uninhabited country, and had to cross several rivers at considerable risk. Before we left civilization completely, on account of the rough "Moonshiners" living in the mountains, who were very chary of allowing strangers to enter their country, we had to get a letter from a local storekeeper to one of the more friendly mountaineers. The storekeeper, who knew I was a brother of the "Irish King," which was the name by which they knew Charley in those wild parts, readily consented; and as he did a big trade with the mountaineers from his village, which was the nearest point on the railway to them, his influence stood us in very good stead.

When we arrived, we found that the man to whom we had been recommended lived close to the place where we intended camping out, and it was arranged that he should come with us to the camping-ground to introduce us to

the "Moonshiners." At the time when we got to his house it was dark, and the family had all gone to bed, and we had to shout ourselves hoarse before we could get anyone to hear. Then the head of the family came out to the gate, dressed simply in his shirt, which, however, was quite sufficient garb for that hot weather and those uncritical regions. We presented our letter and asked him if we could put up for the night, as it was so late. He said that we could, and provided us with a really nice hot supper, which we were very glad of, as we were terribly hungry, and gave us some of the finest honey that I have ever tasted. I don't know, however, whether the young ladies of the family, who had to get up out of their beds to prepare our supper, quite welcomed our arrival.

Primitive Sleeping Conditions.

After supper we were allotted our beds. The head of the family said that he had only one room, so that the captain and I, being, as he said, the steady ones of the party, would have to sleep in the same room as himself and the rest of the family, while the young fellows would have to sleep together in the garret. The captain and I were given one bed, while the father and mother slept in another, and, to our astonishment, the two young ladies slipped into their own bed, where they looked very innocent and comfortable. We were very tired, and dropped straight off to sleep, and the next morning when we woke the two young ladies had already been up for some time preparing breakfast. After a good wash in sparkling mountain water, we sat down to a delicious breakfast of hominy, rice, fried chicken, hot biscuits, and honey. No one need be afraid of starving in those mountains, as there are plenty of both chickens and bees, the latter making honey all the year round.

After breakfast we said good-bye to the ladies of the

family, and set off on foot with our ox-team to the camping-ground with our host, who was to introduce us to the mountaineers. After about two hours' walk we arrived at the camping-ground, which was in a beautiful valley close beside a stream which was full of speckled trout.

"THE MOONSHINERS."

Once we got there, we were surrounded by a very rough crowd, all armed with guns and revolvers, whose first business was to find out whether we were revenue officers. Our guide soon satisfied them that we were only travelling for pleasure, and told them that I was a brother of the "Irish King" of whom they had heard so much. This resulted in my being subjected to a good deal of close scrutiny, though of a very friendly, and even deferential, nature.

We fixed up our tent, and slung up hammocks between different trees, though I preferred to sleep on a good Irish rug which had been presented to Charley, but which he would never use because its colour happened to be green. The mountaineers gathered round us all night, and seemed very sociable, jolly fellows, in spite of their rough appearance. After buying some mountain whisky from them and wishing them all good-night, we went to sleep, though not very easily. We had asked some of the mountaineers to come round in the morning and show us good places in which to shoot and fish, which they readily promised to do. The breakfast next morning for the lot of us had to be cooked by the single negro we had brought with us. In order to make a good blaze, he lighted some twigs under a big log, and was surprised a little later to see a large snake glide out from underneath the log. However, he promptly knocked it on the head and killed it.

Getting a mountaineer as a guide, I took my rod and

went fishing while the others went in search of game. We all had good sport, and soon made some very good friends among the illicit distillers. One day an old man who had been right through the war in the South came up to me, and said that he would take me up the mountains and show me how to catch the trout, as he knew their best places, and wished to hear from my lips all I could tell him about the "Irish King." While I was fishing, I gave him a full account of Charley's fight for the poor starving peasants of Ireland against the landlords and the English Government, and explained how Charley wished to enable the people to get the land for themselves and obtain Home Rule. He asked me several questions, and, in order to explain Charley's policy, I said: "What he has been trying to do is to provide land for all, just like you and your people have in these mountains." He seemed greatly impressed, but could not understand how there could be a country where there was not land for all who wished to make a living out of it.

Lost in the Wilderness.

I set to work fishing in the river, and caught some fine trout; but when I had finished, and turned round to look for my guide, I found that he had disappeared. I waded across the river, and then started to make my way back to the tent, as it was beginning to grow dark. I did not know my way well, but thought I was in the right direction. After walking for some considerable way, I got tangled up in the huge laurel swamps which were the favourite feeding-ground of the bees. The swamp where I found myself was not a very pleasant place to be in alone, as there were no end of large snakes coiled up on the branches of the laurel-tree, threatening to drop down on my head as I passed, crawling under the bushes; and as I also smelt the odour of bears, I thought it best to beat

a hasty retreat. I crossed the river, and eventually found my way back to the tent, where I found the old man whom I had missed anxiously waiting for my return.

That night the "Moonshiners" had quite a party, gathering around our camp-fire, singing, dancing, and telling stories of their adventures with the revenue officers.

Next day we went up the mountain river with about a dozen "Moonshiners" to catch the trout by means of nets. The method we adopted was to walk along the river-bank, stirring the mud with our feet, so that the trout, who could not see where they were going, ran right into the nets.

Our captain had brought up some whisky for the "Moonshiners," with rather disastrous results for them; for, hearing a little later some desperate yells, I found them all floundering about up to their necks in a deep pool. One man ran out of the pool with a whisky bottle in his hand, which he tried to persuade me to take. I attempted to get rid of him, but, as he insisted on clinging to me, I said I was going to cross the river. He told me that the best way to get across was by means of a tree that was hanging over the river. It looked a very risky job even for a perfectly sober man, and he was hardly able to keep on his feet. However, he pressed me so much that I agreed to go across. Once he got to the tree he seemed to recover his balance perfectly, and led me over to the other side in grand style; but once he got on land again he collapsed hopelessly, whisky bottle and all. I stopped with him for an hour, but as he was still in a hopeless condition, and the rain was beginning to come on, I left him to sleep off his orgy. That night we did not have a chance of sleeping a wink, as the "Moonshiners" gathered round our camp-fire, and kept dancing and singing all night long. The next morning we packed up our things and bade farewell to the "Moonshiners,"

who were very sorry to part from us. On our way back we called at the storekeeper's house, and were once more warmly welcomed. I gave him my fishing-rod as a parting gift, and he was delighted, saying that he would cherish it greatly, in memory of the "Irish King's" brother, and would hand it down to his heirs to be kept by them in the family.

We got safely back to Atlanta after our interesting little trip to the mountains, and I returned to my fruit-farming.

APPENDIX C

AVONDALE INDUSTRIES

A Trip Home.

Towards the end of autumn, 1885, I was in New York with our mother, and she suggested that we should take a trip to Ireland and see Charley. When I arrived in Dublin, the city looked very desolate, and the lack of sunshine made me long to be back in my Southern climate again. We found on our arrival that all our family had left the city, except our solicitor, Mr. McDermott, from whom I discovered that Charley was at Morrisson's hotel, and Emily down at Avondale.

When I went round to Morrisson's, about noon the next day, Charley was still in bed, and I had to send the porter up to him to wake him. When he came down half an hour later, he seemed delighted to see me, and said that I had hardly changed since our last meeting. On my part, however, I found that he had grown very stout. We chatted about family matters for some time, and then went in to breakfast, where we were joined by Mr. T. P. O'Connor. We all had chops, tea, and toast, according to our usual Avondale menu. Charley asked me if I would go in to Parliament, but I said I would not, because I was not a good speaker. He said: "We have plenty of speakers, and we don't want them." I said, however, that I was too busy with my fruit in America. We then went into the smoking-room, where we met Mr. J. O'Kelly, with whom Charley began talking about the stone-works

at Avondale. I went away then, after arranging to meet Charley by the six o'clock train at Harcourt Street that evening.

On our way down to Avondale he pointed out to me the Wicklow Chemical Manure Works, because they got their phosphates from Georgia and South Carolina. When we arrived at Rathdrum, Charley's coachman, Jack Gaffney, and his horse, Home Rule, were waiting for him. Emily met us at the door of Avondale, and welcomed me very warmly. I was glad after dinner to find myself comfortably installed once more in the cosy library of Avondale in front of a blazing wood fire. Charley got out his engineering books and his compass and rule, and began measuring some of the plans of his buildings. I found that since my visit to Alabama in 1871 he had already completed the sawmills which he was then projecting, and was now engaged on his new cattle-shed.

Immediately after breakfast next morning he said to me: " John, come and take a walk with me; I am going down to the new sawmill under Kingston, which you have never seen." First of all we went down towards the river, where he had some young cattle grazing. He met Henry Gaffney, his herd, and had a long consultation with him about his cattle. After that we walked down along the road past the new tea-house which he had built as a residence for Mr. Michael Merna, his mill-manager. When we got near the sawmill we inspected the mine-shaft, where four or five men were trying to find the vein of sulphur and copper which was lost by the Conoree Copper Company some years before; but, on account of finding part of the copper vein when the railway company were making the bridge over the Avon River, Charley decided to sink a shaft opposite it, though up to that time neither the Conoree Copper Company on their side of the river, nor Charley on his side, had found it. It was supposed that the vein had run with the river, and had

been washed away, as there was a fault in the railway cutting close to the spot.

Charley and I often inspected that fault to see which way it ran, but never could come to any definite decision as to its direction.

The Sawmill.

We then went on to the new sawmill, a very fine wood and iron structure, the roof of which was modelled on the Warrior River bridge which we had inspected in 1871. Charley evidently took a great deal of interest in this mill, as he worked in it himself along with the men, and, I was told, planed harder than anyone there. He constructed the waterway and race-lock and dam in the river, by which the mill was run with the turbine wheel which he had bought in America. After spending a couple of hours with great interest at the sawmill, we went back to Avondale, where we had lunch together. We went to see the cattle-shed which he was building, and which was finished so far as the walls were concerned. We then went on to his original small sawmill, where he was making beech paving sets for the Corporation of Dublin.

He had a lot of workmen engaged on various tasks in different portions of the estate. Fully twenty-five were occupied in the sawmills and timber business, and there were a lot of farm hands, stable men and boys, not counting the household. After dinner Charley again busied himself with the plans of his new cattle-shed, and at about ten o'clock Emily, her niece Delia, and myself, went to bed, leaving Charley to sit up until goodness knows what hour. Charley went off to Dublin for a couple of days, leaving me to fish for trout, which I did with considerable success. The day after Charley returned from Dublin, he said to me: "John, come along with me to see some of the quarries which I am working to try and get sets

made for street paving in Dublin." The first quarry we went to was on the other side of the Avonbeg River, and Mr. Feeney, the owner of the mill near-by, brought out some planks, which he placed upon the rocks to enable us to get across the river. There were at least twenty men working at the quarry, hauling out stones with a great windlass. He said he was going to have the stones carted all away from the quarry to Rathdrum, the nearest railway-station. However, I heard, on my return from America next year, that the stone had not proved suitable for set-making, being too brittle. While standing at the quarry, Charley noticed that the men were cutting too much stone under the bank where the windlass was standing. He had hardly called them to get out of danger when down came the windlass, and would have killed a couple of men if he had not uttered his warning in time. On the way home to Avondale we went through the wood at the Meeting of the Waters. We stopped at another quarry in Mount Avon Wood, but this was not working at the time.

Charley during these years was looking for a suitable stone-quarry to make sets for the Dublin Corporation, as he had a contract with them at the time, thus disturbing the set-making monopoly which Wales had hitherto held of the Irish trade. He knew that if he could find a suitable stone, such as whinstone, a volcanic or basaltic stone, he could start a large business in making sets, and thus create a new Irish industry at the expense of England. He often told me that Ireland had hundreds of industries lying idle for the want of working, and he was particularly anxious to have them opened up. He also believed that Ireland was full of mineral wealth hidden beneath her soil.

Home Rule.

One day, while we were standing round the library fire, I asked him whether we should have Home Rule soon. He immediately said, with emphasis: "We will have Home Rule next year, and will have Dublin Castle for our Parliament House." I told him that, in my opinion, we were not near Home Rule yet, as the people were not educated up to it; but Dublin Castle would be better than the old Bank, as there would be more room.

He said: "You will see that we will be there next year." I may mention that he always had a great ambition to have the new Irish Parliament, which he firmly believed he would live to see, installed in Dublin Castle.

Soon after this Charley left Avondale for Brighton, as he said he could not stand the east wind. I remained there, however, for some time, shooting and fishing, and finally went back to America in October.

My Visit in 1886.

I returned to Avondale in the following year (1886), and on arrival went shooting with Charley, Mr. Campbell, his Secretary, and Mr. Corbett, his great sporting chum. I found Charley looking better than I had expected, as he had been ill in the meantime, though he was still very stout.

When Charley returned to Avondale, there was a very touching greeting between his mother and himself, after so many years of separation. To his amused amazement, she kept on patting him on the head like a small boy (our mother was a very tall woman), while she informed him that she intended finishing the work on the terrace at Avondale which she had left off in our father's time.

"That would be a very good thing to do," he said. "I have no time, but you can gladly have all the help

you want from the men on the place, and get them to do all you tell them."

Accordingly, she set to work with great glee, ordering the men to carry out her instructions, and before I left she had constructed several nice terraces round the house, and had removed a lot of bushes which were hiding the view from the lower windows.

One morning Charley woke me up early and asked me to come with him to Aughavannagh to look at some turf on his estate there. After having breakfast at the gamekeeper's house, we walked all over Blackrock Hill, carefully examining the different qualities of turf. The turf on Blackrock was considered to be the best in the whole country, and Charley wished to get a market for it.

A few days later we paid another visit to the sawmill, where the men were hard at work cutting beech sets for the Dublin Corporation. The demand, however, was more for stone than wooden sets, and, unfortunately, the stone which he was getting out of his quarries was not suitable, although those whom he consulted advised him to continue quarrying it, with the result that he lost many thousand pounds. We also had a look at a flag quarry, which, however, was not paying, and was dropped.

One day, after Charley had despaired of getting any stone from Avondale which was really suitable for set-making, an engineer, Mr. Patrick McDonald, came to see him, and told him he knew where there was a splendid whinstone quarry, or, rather, a hill of whinstone, which would do splendidly for set-making. Charley, when he heard where it was, said: " Oh, it is on Lord Carysfort's land, and he won't let me have it, because he disapproves of my politics." Mr. McDonald thought that Lord Carysfort would not mind the hill being worked, so long as he got the royalties from the stone that was quarried. However, Charley thought it was not worth while asking him. Still, he paid a secret visit to the hill in company

with Mr. McDonald, and brought back samples of the stone, which seemed to be admirably adapted to the purpose for which he required it. Finally, through the agency of Mr. McDonald, a twelve years' lease was granted by Lord Carysfort. When, however, Lord Carysfort found out to whom he had actually leased the quarry, he said: "Oh, Parnell could have easily come to me, instead of going behind my back. I would willingly have given it to him if only to provide work for the people."

As soon as Charley had had McDonald's lease transferred to himself, he set to work excavating the stone. Finding that the local men were not sufficiently experienced, he imported several stone-cutters from Wales, who had been brought up to the work from their boyhood. These were housed on the mountain-side in a number of little huts.

In November my fruit business necessitated my returning to America, and I said good-bye to my mother, Emily, Delia, and Charley, and returned to New York.

Back again.

I returned to Ireland again in 1887, filled with a longing for the fresh mountain air of Aughavannagh. I found Charley very busy working his new quarry at Arklow. He experienced considerable difficulty, however, as setmaking by itself did not pay. The trouble was that an immense amount of refuse accumulated, which was very much in the way and very costly to remove, and he and his friends devoted a great deal of time to considering what could be done with it. He finally sent an expert to Wales to find out there what was done with the refuse stone. He adopted the Welsh system of crushing the waste stone into macadam by machinery, sorting it into different grades by means of large iron sieves, even the dust being utilized for making cement. The installation

of the machinery cost Charley several thousand pounds, and necessitated the employment of many additional workmen, but began to pay almost immediately it was adopted.

One great improvement that he had effected since my last visit was the building of an inclined railway line from the mountains to the coast, enabling him to transport his stone by sea, instead of by land, at a considerable reduction of expense. Directly the Welsh quarries discovered that Charley had started to undermine their monopoly, they started to cut their prices, but the Dublin Corporation, acting in a very fine patriotic spirit, offered Charley more for his sets than the Welsh quarry owners were asking them, in order to provide work for Irish labourers.

A Great Scheme.

Charley took me to examine the old lead-mines which were worked a generation ago. He was trying to find out if any of the veins in these disused mines ran across to the mountains on his own estate. Naturally, he heard many curious stories when he came to make inquiries. One of his tenants told him that his father, whilst driving his cattle across the mountain, found that one of them, while cropping the short grass, had scraped bare a vein of lead. The man, however, had forgotten the exact place where this was believed to have occurred, and Charley and I spent much time in fruitless searches for it.

Charley during this time described to me in detail his great scheme for the development of the minerals and coalfields of Wicklow and Kilkenny. He said: "When I am able, I will get the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway, in conjunction with the Great Southern Railway, to build a line from the Meeting of the Waters, right through Glenmalure, to the Kilkenny coalfields, tapping

the lead and iron mines on their way." His great idea was to connect the iron at Avoca and Rathdrum with the coal in Kilkenny. His scheme no doubt originated from the observations which he made of the coal and iron fields in Alabama during our visit there in 1871.

We also went to look at a shaft which he had sunk in a field belonging to his tenant, Mr. Nicholas Devereux. He was looking here for gold, as there was a quartz vein which, on analysis in his laboratory at Brighton, he had found to contain gold to some extent. In the same field he had found a bed of yellow ochre, which we examined, but he said it would not pay unless he could find the copper which almost always run in company with it. He was then and afterwards engaged at intervals in searching for this copper vein, which he had reason to believe was in existence close by.

These brief references I have made to Charley's industrial activities will show that, quite apart from politics, he took a very keen interest in mineralogy, as also in the different works carried on on his estate. How engrossing this hobby of his was, few of those who only knew him as a politician ever guessed. He took a great pride in his industries, which formed really quite a separate part of his life; but his shyness prevented his talking about them to any but very intimate friends, especially as, on the whole, they did not prove a financial success. Still, their influence upon his character must be taken into consideration when forming a general estimate of the man as he really was beneath his mask of ice.

APPENDIX D

WHERE THE TRIBUTE WENT TO

Financial Difficulties.

I have been often asked what Charley did with the sum of nearly £40,000 subscribed for him by the Irish nation. People have also wished to know how it was that, having been left by his father the fine estate of Avondale, free and unencumbered, he came to be in such straits that he had to mortgage it, and how it was that on his death, in spite of the £40,000 tribute, he was so heavily in debt. They are not easy questions to answer, but I shall endeavour to do my best.

Charley's financial embarrassment had reached a head in 1881, after returning from America. He was very anxious then to find money to send to his mother in New York, as, owing to the loss of the property her brother had left her, in the Black Friday panic, she was practically destitute. He wrote to me saying that, if I would mortgage my National Bank shares, he would back bills for £3,000, which I agreed to do. This shows that he had actually no money left, not even to help his own family.

Once he became leader, his expenses, of course, increased enormously. A great number of the members of the Irish party had no money of their own, and he had not only to finance them in their election campaigns, but in many cases actually to keep them. So, by December 11, 1883, he was in desperate need of money. Still, he formed the resolution not to allow a penny of the £40,000 to go out

of the country. I remember him telling me this, and also giving me some idea to what purposes he intended to devote the tribute money. There was a mortgage on Avondale of £5,000, which he paid off, though he afterwards remortgaged the property for £6,000. A mortgage of £10,000 in favour of our aunt, Mrs. Wigram, he left outstanding, and I had finally to pay it off. On his quarries he also sank a great deal, and an attempt to develop the gold resources of the Wicklow Hills, which, although a certain amount of gold was found, never paid, cost him fully £500. At the start the Arklow quarry cost him £10,000, and before it began to pay he had to spend another £5,000 on machinery. In addition he bought up the head-rent of the Kingston demesne, near Avondale, for £3,000, and spent fully £1,500 in doing up Mount Avon House. He also paid off a number of debts which he had contracted in Wicklow and elsewhere. It must be remembered, of course, that the wages he was paying to his men at Avondale, who were engaged in various occupations, amounted to quite £50 a week. Then, during the famine years very few of the tenants on the Avondale estate paid their rents, and even after the famine was over they kept up this custom largely, finding that he was an easy-going landlord and could not bear the idea of eviction.

You do not wonder, under these circumstances, at his occasionally showing the attitude described in the following anecdote, which I believe to be perfectly true. He had addressed a crowded meeting one day in his own county of Wicklow, and was driving away to another meeting some distance off, when a friend who was with him in the car noticed one of the men, who had been cheering Charley's speech most enthusiastically at the meeting, following the car with doglike devotion mile after mile. The man kept on following, cheering and waving his hat as he went, but Charley sat upright and

expressionless in the car. His friend, taking pity on so much unrequited loyalty, said to Charley: "You might just say a word of encouragement to that poor fellow; he has followed you for seven miles, and hasn't got so much as a smile from you." "Let him run a little longer," said Charley, "seeing that I have let his rent run for seven years."

In addition to his quarries, the erection of his new sawmills and cattle-sheds cost him at least £3,000, and the iron-mine near Rathdrum cost him several hundred pounds. His travelling expenses were very heavy, and he had, of course, to live a good deal in London, which cost him a considerable amount.

Before his death he mortgaged Avondale to the National Bank for a further sum of £6,000.

His debts, which I had to pay after his death, compelling me to sell Avondale, amounted to over £50,000, a figure which I have just verified.

The sum total which he spent between 1881 and 1891 amounted to about £90,000.

I was unable to help my brother at all, as the fortune left to me by Sir Ralph Howard came to an end very shortly, owing to the company going bankrupt. Moreover, Charley's bills, which he had persuaded me to draw in order to provide money for our mother, fell due, and I had to sell what little capital I had, while my promising fruit business was crippled for want of money.

The foregoing will give some idea of the many expenses which Charley had to meet, and will show that even such a sum as £40,000 could be easily swallowed up by his liabilities and current expenses.

I remember him in 1887 complaining of the financial difficulties in which he again found himself involved, and saying to me: "Well, John, politics is the only thing I ever got any money from, and I am looking for another subscription now." I think he was quite serious when

he said it, but, of course, a fresh tribute was not forthcoming.

To illustrate how largely his private money went in financing his party, I distinctly recall a remark he made to me once when driving from Rathdrum to Avondale. We passed on the road a couple of M.P's., both prominent members of his party, making their way on foot to Avondale. To my surprise, Charley drove right past them, with a curt nod but no slackening of speed. I asked him why he had not stopped and offered them a lift, as there was plenty of room in the car. He replied grimly: "Let them walk, it'll do them good; they are only coming up to put their hands in my pockets and get some more money." This showed that, lavish as he was towards his party, he was only too aware that advantage was very often taken of his generosity.

APPENDIX E

A FRIEND'S APPRECIATION

JUST when this book was going to press, I received a letter from Mr. Joseph McCarroll of Wicklow, one of Charley's oldest friends and supporters. It contains many vivid touches, such as only an eyewitness of the critical portions of my brother's life could have given, and I make no apology for giving it in full:

DEAR MR. PARNELL,

I rejoice to learn you are writing the life of your illustrious brother, the late Charles Stewart Parnell. No other writer but yourself could deal so fully and faithfully with his early days, his boyhood and glorious manhood. You understood his every fibre, and his ardent love for Avondale, the historic home of the Parnells. You knew that under his cold self-restraint there beat a heart passionately throbbing with love for home and country. That love doubtless was inflamed by the flag of the Irish Volunteer waving in the halls of Avondale. It must have brought to his mind glories of '82, when "Dungannon spoke, and the thunders of her cannon woke the echoes of Liberty." Who can say how much this old flag influenced a silent resolve in Parnell that he himself might one day do similar work for Ireland? The example of his father, too, in espousing the popular side in local contests, must have had much to do in strengthening his innate love for freedom and justice. The late Father Maloney, P.P.,

of Barndarrig, then the Catholic curate in Rathdrum, used to revel in describing the scenes and successes won by Mr. H. Parnell for local rights and popular control.

It is remarkable how unerring is the national instinct in the choice of a leader. After the founding of Butt's Home Rule, its founders turned to Avondale, and a deputation, headed by Mr. A. J. Kettle, was sent to enlist Charles Stewart Parnell in the new movement. Mr. Parnell received the deputation graciously, and after a long interchange of views he assented to join the Home Rule organization. His first appearance as a public speaker in the Rotunda was hailed with great delight, the audience cheering wildly as he walked up the floor to the platform. He was introduced to the audience by the late A. M. Sullivan. His speech was slow but thoughtful. After the meeting Mr. Sullivan declared that the silent and reserved young man would prove worthy of "Parnell the Incorruptible," whom neither the peerages of Castlereagh nor the gold of Pitt could seduce into voting for the Union. So great was the confidence inspired by Parnell that he was solicited to contest for County Dublin, and to this he consented, which cost him £15,000. Of course he was defeated, the country only just awakening to the new spirit. Many a time I have listened with rapture to Mr. Kettle's account of the selection and the uphill fight that the Home Rulers made. The sacrifices Mr. Parnell made in contesting County Dublin were not forgotten, and it is to the credit of County Wicklow that the first resolution for a Parnell testimonial was carried with acclamation by a large meeting in Greenare. I drafted the resolution, and wrote to the Chief asking his permission formally to inaugurate the testimonial. He replied thanking me, but declined permission, saying he could get on very well. Subsequently the Avoca Land League (T. A. Byrne, President) had the honour of opening the Parnell

testimonial, the late W. J. Corbett being one of the first subscribers.

In Parnell's struggle to wipe out Whiggery and give representation to the nation, of course he met with the fiercest opposition from the old ascendancy, the Whigs and mongrels. The Enniscorthy fight was one of the earliest and the worst. Parnell received some rough handling. In the end he triumphed. Indignant at the treatment he received in Enniscorthy, Wicklow called a great meeting to sustain Parnell, and to show him he had the nation at his back. The Market Square was packed and the enthusiasm unbounded. The scene was an indescribable one, and the Chief never forgot it. The addresses breathed the spirit of the hills, and he was accompanied to the railway-station by a large crowd and a torchlight procession. Standing up at his departure, all his old faith full in him, he declared that nothing would turn him from his course till Ireland was free; for he recognized that Wicklow, despite the oppression of centuries, was as true to Ireland as when she routed Lord de Grey in Glenmalure.

I was present with Parnell at the great meeting at Wexford. It looked like a rising of the nation. His speech replying to Gladstone's famous utterance at Leeds, touching the "resources of civilization," was scathing. It cost him his liberty, and as a "suspect" he soon found himself in Kilmainham. It was thought that his imprisonment would drive the Land League into open rebellion; but, though Parnell was in prison, his spirit and counsel were free outside, and even more potent. I had the honour of visiting him in Kilmainham. He looked pale, but never complained, though his soul chafed under the confinement. With two spies standing by, no political question could be touched. He made many inquiries about the Wicklow harbour, in which he took a warm interest; and no wonder, as it was his

influence in the county and in London that enabled the Wicklow Town and Harbour Commissioners to obtain the loan from the Treasury that built the fine Wicklow breakwater and steamboat pier. It was singular that, with his life swallowed up in political convulsions, he yet always manifested a keen interest in industrial questions. The large sums he spent in exploring for lead in Avondale and the Bally Capple copper and iron ore mines illustrate this. Had he been spared, these latter mines of Bally Capple would now be giving employment and diffusing wealth over a large area. There is no question whatever of the ore being there, and in abundance. With motor lorries the difficulties of transit to the port of Wicklow would vanish. The Parnell quarries remain, a standing proof of his fostering of industrial development. There was a huge rock that Lord Carysfort, though a man of unlimited capital, never thought of developing. It remained to Parnell to make it the centre of industries giving much employment to Arklow and the neighbourhood. Nothing so much delighted him as to see his countrymen actively employed in remunerative work in their own land, happy and contented.

I have made this letter far too long, but the subject—the memory of the greatest Irishman of our own or of any age—must plead my excuse.

Wishing your book great success, dear Mr. Parnell,

Very faithfully yours,

JOSEPH MCCARROLL.

APPENDIX F

THE MANIFESTO OF 1890

ALTHOUGH as a rule I have abstained from making quotations of any length in this book, and have specially avoided the inclusion of lengthy documents *in extenso*, yet I feel I must make an exception in the case of this manifesto, seeing that it is one of the very few cases in which Charley has committed to writing his innermost thoughts, and that those deal with the Home Rule question in detail. Although long, I do not think it will be found in the slightest degree wearisome, and being, as it is, the supreme declaration of my brother's policy, I do not like to run the risk of spoiling it by resorting to condensation, which would mean the exercising of my own judgment as to the parts which I considered to be important or the reverse. It would therefore, in my opinion, be fairer to give this very interesting document in full, and allow my readers to exercise their own judgment with regard to it. The following is its form as it appeared in the *Times* of November 29, 1890:

> Mr. Parnell issued at a late hour last night the following manifesto to the Irish people:
>
> TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.
>
> The integrity and independence of a section of the Irish Parliamentary party having been sapped and destroyed by the wirepullers of the English Liberal party, it has become necessary for me as

the leader of the Irish nation to take counsel with you, and, having given you the knowledge which was in my possession, to ask your judgment upon the matter which now solely devolves upon you to decide.

The letter from Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Morley, written for the purpose of influencing the decision of the Irish party in the choice of their leader, and claiming for the Liberal party and their leaders the right of veto upon that choice, is the immediate cause of this address to you, to remind you and your Parliamentary representatives that Ireland considers the independence of her party as her only safeguard within the Constitution, and above and beyond all other considerations whatever. The threat in that letter, repeated so insolently on many English platforms and in numerous British newspapers, that unless Ireland concedes this right of veto to England she will indefinitely postpone her chances of obtaining Home Rule, compels me, while not for one moment admitting the slightest probability of such loss, to put before you information which until now, so far as my colleagues are concerned, has been solely in my possession, and which will enable you to understand the measure of the loss with which you are threatened unless you consent to throw me to the English wolves now howling for my destruction.

In November of last year, in response to a repeated and long-standing request, I visited Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, and received the details of the intended proposal of himself and his colleagues of the late Liberal Cabinet with regard to Home Rule, in the event of the next General Election favouring the Liberal party.

It is unnecessary for me to do more at present than to direct your attention to certain points of these details, which will be generally recognized as embracing elements vital for your information and the formation of your judgment. These vital points

of difficulty may be suitably arranged and considered under the following heads:

1. The retention of the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament.
2. The settlement of the land or agrarian difficulty in Ireland.
3. The control of the Irish Constabulary.
4. The appointment of the Judiciary (including Judges of the Supreme Court, County Court Judges, and resident magistrates).

Upon the subject of the retention of the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament, Mr. Gladstone told me that the opinion, and the unanimous opinion, of his colleagues and himself, recently arrived at after most mature consideration of alternative proposals, was that, in order to conciliate English public opinion, it would be necessary to reduce the Irish representation from 103 to 32.

Upon the settlement of the land, it was held that this was one of the questions which must be regarded as questions reserved from the control of the Irish Legislature, but at the same time Mr. Gladstone intimated that, while he would renew his attempt to settle the matter by Imperial legislation on the lines of the Land Purchase Bill of 1886, he would not undertake to put any pressure upon his own side or insist upon their adopting his views—in other and shorter words, that the Irish Legislature was not to be given the power of solving the agrarian difficulty, and that the Imperial Parliament would not.

With regard to the control of the Irish Constabulary, it was stated by Mr. Gladstone that, having regard to the necessity for conciliating English public opinion, he and his colleagues felt that it would be necessary to leave this force and the appointment of its officers under the control of the Imperial authority for an indefinite period, while the funds

for its maintenance, payment, and equipment, would be compulsorily provided out of Irish resources.

The period of ten or twelve years was suggested as the limit of time during which the appointment of Judges, resident magistrates, etc., should be retained in the hands of the Imperial authority.

I have now given a short account of what I gathered of Mr. Gladstone's views and those of his colleagues during two hours' conversation at Hawarden—a conversation which I am bound to admit was mainly monopolized by Mr. Gladstone—and pass to my own expressions of opinion upon these communications, which represent my views then as now.

And, first, with regard to the retention of the Irish members, the position I have always adopted, and then represented, is that, with the concession of full powers to the Irish Legislature equivalent to those enjoyed by a State of the American Union, the number and possession of the members so retained would become a question of Imperial concern, and not of pressing or immediate importance for the interests of Ireland. But that, with the important and all-engrossing subjects of agrarian reform, constabulary control, and judiciary appointments, left either under Imperial control or totally unprovided for, it would be the height of madness for any Irish leader to imitate Grattan's example, and consent to disband the army which had cleared the way to victory.

I further undertook to use every legitimate influence to reconcile Irish public opinion to a gradual coming into force of the new privileges, and to the postponements necessary for English opinion with regard to constabulary control and judicial appointments, but strongly dissented from the proposed reduction of members during the interval of probation. I pointed to the absence of any suitable prospect of land settlement by either Parliament as constituting an overwhelming drag upon the

prospects of permanent peace and prosperity in Ireland.

At the conclusion of the interview I was informed that Mr. Gladstone and all his colleagues were entirely agreed that, pending the General Election, silence should be absolutely preserved with regard to any points of difference on the question of the retention of the Irish members.

I have dwelt with some length upon these subjects, but not, I think, disproportionately to their importance. Let me say in addition that, even when full powers are conceded to Ireland over her own domestic affairs, the integrity, number, and independence, of the Irish party will be a matter of no importance; but until this ideal is reached it is your duty and mine to hold fast every safeguard.

I need not say that the questions—the vital and important questions—of the retention of the Irish members on the one hand, and the indefinite delay of full powers to the Irish Legislature on the other, gave me great concern. The absence of any provision for the settlement of the agrarian question, of any policy on the part of the Liberal leaders, fills me with concern and apprehension. On the introduction of the Land Purchase Bill by the Government at the commencement of last session, Mr. Morley communicated with me as to the course to be adopted. Having regard to the avowed absence of any policy on the part of the Liberal leaders and party with regard to the matter of the land, I strongly advised Mr. Morley against any direct challenge of the principle of State-aided land purchase, and, finding that the fears and alarms of the English taxpayer to State aid by the hypothecation of grants for local purposes in Ireland as a counter-guarantee had been assuaged, that a hopeless struggle should not be maintained, and that we should direct our sole efforts on the second reading of the Bill to the assertion of the principle of local control. In this I am

bound to say Mr. Morley entirely agreed with me, but he was at the same time much hampered—and expressed his sense of his position—in that direction by the extreme section of his party, led by Mr. Labouchere. And in a subsequent interview he impressed me with the necessity of meeting the second reading of the Bill with a direct negative, and asked me to undertake the motion. I agreed to this, but only on the condition that I was not to attack the principle of the measure, but to confine myself to a criticism of its details. I think this was false strategy, but it was a strategy adopted out of regard to English prejudices and Radical peculiarities. I did the best that was possible under the circumstances, and the several days' debate on the second reading contrasts favourably with Mr. Labouchere's recent and abortive attempt to interpose a direct negative to the first reading of a similar Bill yesterday.

Time went on. The Government allowed their attention to be distracted from the question of land purchase by the Bill for compensating English publicans, and the agrarian difficulty in Ireland was again relegated to the future of another session. Just before the commencement of this session I was again favoured with another interview with Mr. Morley. I impressed upon him the policy of the oblique method of procedure in reference to land purchase, and the necessity and importance of providing for the question of local control, and of a limitation in the application of the funds. He agreed with me, and I offered to move, on the first reading of the Bill, an amendment in favour of this local control, advising that, if this were rejected, it might be left to the Radicals on the second reading to oppose the principle of the measure. This appeared to be a proper course, and I left Mr. Morley under the impression that this would fall to my duty.

But in addition he made me a remarkable proposal, referring to the probable approaching victory

of the Liberal party at the polls. He suggested some considerations as to the future of the Irish party. He asked me whether I would be willing to assume the office of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, or to allow another member of my party to take the position. He also put before me the desirability of filling one of the law offices of the Crown in Ireland by a legal member of my party. I told him, amazed as I was at the proposal, that I could not agree to forfeit in any way the independence of the party or any of its members; that the Irish people had trusted me in this movement because they believed that the declaration I had made to them at Cork in 1880 was a true one and represented my convictions, and that I would on no account depart from it. I considered that, after the declarations we had repeatedly made, the proposal of Mr. Morley, that we should allow ourselves to be absorbed into English politics, was one based upon an entire misconception of our position with regard to the Irish constituencies and of the pledges which we had given.

In conclusion, he directed my attention to the Plan of Campaign estates. He said that it would be impossible for the Liberal party when they attained power to do anything for these evicted tenants by direct action; that it would be also impossible for the Irish Parliament, under the powers conferred, to do anything for them; and, flinging up his hands with a gesture of despair, he exclaimed: "Having been to Tipperary, I do not know what to propose in regard to the matter." I told him that this question was a limited one, and that I did not see that he need allow himself to be hampered by its future consideration; that, being limited, funds would be available from America and elsewhere for the support of those tenants as long as might be necessary; that, of course, I understood it was a difficulty, but that it was a limited one, and should not be allowed to interfere with the general interests of the country.

I allude to this matter only because within the last few days a strong argument in many minds for my expulsion has been that, unless the Liberals come into power at the next General Election, the Plan of Campaign tenants will suffer. As I have shown, the Liberals propose to do nothing for the Plan of Campaign tenants by direct action when they do come into power; but I am entitled to ask that the existence of these tenants, whom I have supported in every way in the past, and whom I shall continue to support in the future, shall not constitute a reason for my expulsion from Irish politics. I have repeatedly pledged myself to stand by these evicted tenants and that they shall not be allowed to suffer, and I believe that the Irish people throughout the world will support me in this policy.

Sixteen years ago I conceived the idea of an Irish Parliamentary party independent of all English parties. Ten years ago I was elected the leader of an independent Irish Parliamentary party. During these ten years that party has remained independent, and because of its independence it has forced upon the English people the necessity of granting Home Rule to Ireland. I believe that party will obtain Home Rule only provided it remains independent of any English party.

I do not believe that any action of the Irish people in supporting me will endanger the Home Rule cause or postpone the establishment of an Irish Parliament; but even if the danger with which we are threatened by the Liberal party of to-day were to be realized, I believe that the Irish people throughout the world would agree with me that postponement would be preferable to a compromise of our national rights by the acceptance of a measure which would not realize the aspirations of our race.

I have the honour to remain,

Your faithful servant,

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

APPENDIX G

AVONDALE is not, as is commonly believed, an old possession of the Parnell family. The ancestral estate is that of Colure in Armagh. The house at Avondale was built by Colonel Hayes, its original proprietor, in 1777, this date being inscribed inside the hall door. Colonel Hayes was a Colonel in the Irish Volunteers during the Irish Rebellion, and the flags of his regiment used to hang up in the hall at Avondale, until, on the death of my brother Charley, they were taken down and placed on his coffin. Colonel Hayes planted a great deal of timber on the estate, and it was through a common interest in forestry that he formed a friendship with Sir John Parnell, the last member of the old Irish House of Commons. This friendship lasted until his death, and was so warm that by his will Colonel Hayes provided that Avondale should pass to his widow if she desired to live there; but in the case of her not wishing to do so, it was to become the property of his friend, Sir John Parnell, and his heirs. Mrs. Hayes refused to live at Avondale, and so the estate passed to the Parnell family. The will of Colonel Hayes contained a curious provision that the estate of Avondale should always pass to a younger member of the family (it being considered, no doubt, that the older members would be sufficiently provided for out of the Parnell ancestral estates in the counties of Armagh and Queens); and it also stipulated that the owners of Avondale should take the name of Hayes, or Parnell-Hayes. My grandfather was known as William Parnell-Hayes, but the

name Hayes has for some reason been dropped by the subsequent heirs of the property. I came across this will of Colonel Hayes's in my father's desk, by accident, after Charley's death, and it explained to me why my father should have left Avondale to Charley. The latter, I think, never knew about it, because he often expressed regret that the property should have been left to him, as he felt that it ought to have come to me, as the eldest son.

My father only owned the Avondale estate through the generosity of his sister Catherine, the late Mrs. Wigram, to whom my grandfather had left it. My father and Lord Powerscourt were rivals for the hand of Miss Delia Stewart, the American beauty, daughter of Commodore Charles Stewart, and, to enable him to win her, his sister gave him Avondale, in return for a mortgage of £10,000, which was to bring her in an income of £500 a year. My father left Avondale to Charley and an income of £4,000 a year; whilst I was left the old Parnell estate in Co. Armagh, with only a small income, because my uncle, Sir Ralph Howard, had given my father to understand that I should be his heir, which would have made me as well provided for as Charley.

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